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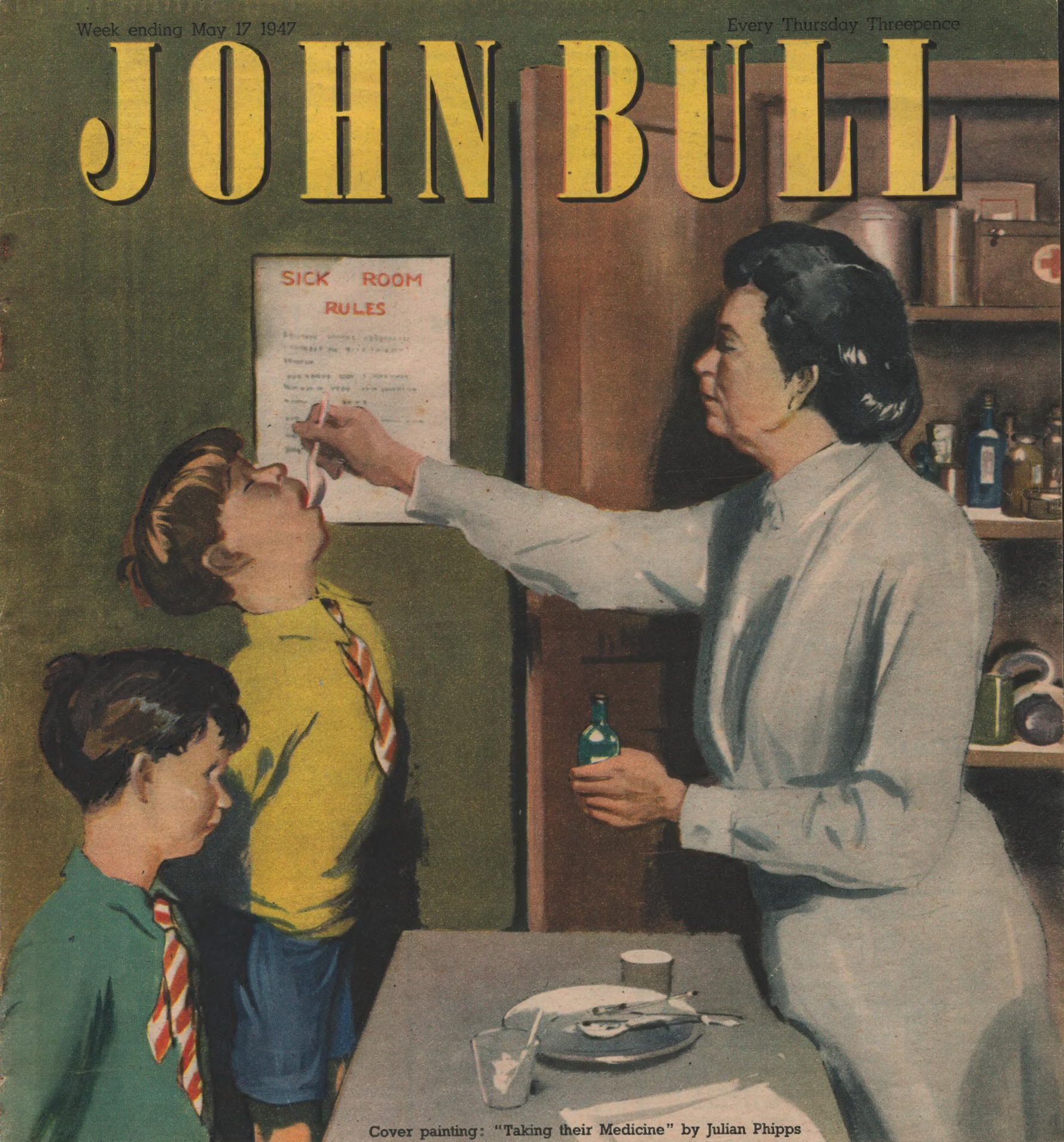
JOHN BULL



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by CLAUD MORRIS

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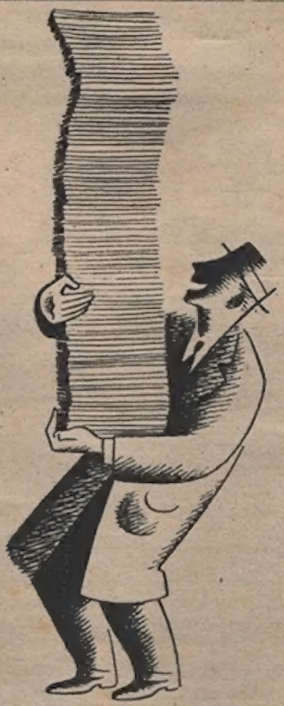

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JOHN BULL
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MAY 17, 1947 VOL. 81 NO. 2133

Must We Have a Food Crisis?

FROM THE VIGOROUS and brilliant survey with which Claud Morris has opened JOHN BULL'S campaign to solve our food problems—his fourth article is on pages 12 and 13—two lessons emerge.

First, we can and must grow more food in this island, depend less on imported food.

Second, we can and must clean up the methods by which home-grown food, and vegetables, are distributed and sold.

These two lessons are linked up.

The farmer and market gardener won't go on growing cabbage, for example, unless they get a fair wholesale price for it. The public can't buy it unless they pay a fair retail price for it.

In between the grower and the housewife today is a great and over-complicated distributive machine which urgently needs overhaul.

Far too high profits are being made by middle-men. Far too much speculation is still unchecked. And meanwhile the food the people want often goes bad in store or in transit because somebody or other is not going to get enough out of selling it!

Reform the distributive system forthwith. That is the short-term job. The long-term job is to give the fertile land of Britain a still better deal than that promised in the Government's legislation.

Growing food must be made a really attractive and profitable occupation. Nothing matters more—not even coal!

We have had our fuel crisis, and we have learnt its lessons, so that Britain is ready as never before to make the most of her coal resources.

Must we wait for a food crisis to get the same spirit of urgency into agriculture?

Policy for Town Planners

WE NEED MORE VIGOUR and confidence in town and country planning, that great modern movement, with a Government Department at its head, which is supposed to show us how to make the best use of this small island for the benefit of us all.

We expect the planners to work out the claims of all the different land-users—industry, transport, agriculture, housing and so forth, and to tell us how much land, and where, each should have. We expect them to improve our cities by cleaning up the mess of the past, preserving noble buildings, and guiding the architecture and layout of new ones.

We expect the Minister of Planning, Lewis Silkin, to co-ordinate all this work and make sure that the Government puts power behind it.

Well, is he doing it? An impression is growing that he concentrates too much on housing and public utilities—which other Ministries can be trusted to push—and too little on long-term planning to keep Britain healthy and beautiful for our children.

Take the case of London's Bankside Power Station. It is proposed to build this much-needed new station across the Thames from St. Paul's Cathedral, and the project is attacked on the ground that the new building will dominate an historic scene which belongs by right to St. Paul's.

Mr. Silkin has defended the plan for the new power station with a warmth which would have been natural in a Minister of Fuel and Power, but which seems a little puzzling in a Minister of Planning.

Perhaps it is time that Mr. Silkin made a big speech in the House of Commons explaining exactly what he personally means by town and country planning.

Then we shall know what to expect from his Ministry in the many future clashes which are sure to arise between the claims of utility and the claims of beauty.

Daylight Robbery

A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE SWINDLE, with no laws to check it, is causing great hardships in our big cities.

This is the system of demanding a premium for the keys of flats and houses belonging to private landlords.

It began with the more expensive places—and might then have been defended on the line that "these people can well afford to pay up."

It has now spread downwards so that hard-up professional people of the middle and lower middle classes have to submit to being fleeced whenever they need to move their homes.

This makes nonsense of rent control and rent tribunals. A landlord can extract ten years' rent in one lump before a tenant even moves in to start paying ordinary rent—what does that add up to? The answer is extortion. The common excuse that the premium is payment for fittings or a few pieces of furniture is just heartless cynicism.

Here are respectable property owners, many of whom would be horrified at having the rude label "profiteer" fixed to them, shamelessly exploiting a shortage to make quick fortunes out of other people's necessity.

The result is that many tenants—who, after all, have to live somewhere!—pay either an undue part of their incomes in rent or else see their savings swept away literally for nothing.

It looks as though housing property of all classes will have to be strictly controlled. The present open robbery is no more excusable because its victims are in the £500-a-year upwards class than if they were £5-a-week wage-earners.

Easy Money

WE CONGRATULATE THE POLICE of Britain and France on a nice piece of international co-operation.

Between them they have cracked down hard on the illegal currency racket, and a series of prosecutions has shown how much the clean-up was needed.

Not only have the exchange regulations been flouted and our precious credit abroad milked to no useful purpose, but there has been a revival of the bad old prewar luxury racket. The flow of easy money was encouraging the growth of a crowd of parasites of all types and all nations.

They were only waiting for the wealthy tourists to come back. Then they swooped. No wonder so many people prove to have got into their clutches.

The truth is that any man or woman, however rich, who pays out big money to the profiteers of the once-glittering Continental resorts is simply foolish. The law must protect such people against themselves as well as protect the community against them.

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2/6d. per 16 oz. tin.

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Mrs. Jones and her 3/4 of a Hoover!

Well, perhaps it's not quite as bad as that, but a good many Hoover cleaners today must be less efficient than they might be. Have yours inspected by a qualified Hoover representative, and given any service attention it needs. Register for this home service now by filling in and posting coupon below. Especially if you have changed your address during or after the war.

As fast as Hoover Cleaners are made they are delivered to Authorised Hoover Dealers, sound people whom you can trust.

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Obtainable only from Ironmongers, Hardware Stores and Housefurnishers

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ONLY THE BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH—

so the CALL is for

GILBEY'S GIN

PRINTED FOR THE BREWERS' SOCIETY

"Everything looked (as everything always does in English inns) as if the travellers had been expected, and their comforts prepared for days beforehand." So Dickens observes in the Pickwick Papers. Now, in the day of the "horse-less carriage", the same "personal touch", the same warmth of hospitality, still make mine host and the inn well-loved institutions in English life.

Illustration specially drawn by Merryn Peake

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PRODUCT OF Radiation Ltd (13)

BUT WHAT'S GAS GOT TO DO WITH *MY BICYCLE*?

The wonderful method of drying painted and lacquered articles by infra-red radiation has cut down the drying time from days to hours or even minutes. Gas infra-red drying saves time, fuel and production costs. Your bicycle, bathroom cabinet, kitchen fitments and other everyday articles are produced at a lower price and with a better finish. You see gas serves you in other ways besides cooking meals, heating water and warming rooms.

GAS serves the Nation

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Rich chocolate coatings, a host of intriguing new centres . . . truffle, fudge, caramel, fruit flavourings, crème . . . in gay swagger wrappings. Yes **it's treats ahead** for you!

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SAXA

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"Tintex DYES ALWAYS GIVE ME BEST RESULTS"

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It's a change to have a smart new label. But Nestlé's Milk itself is just what it always was; the creamiest, richest country milk, in a form that baby can easily digest and thrive on from the first days.

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Now! Ask for **SOLO** **BITTER ORANGE MARMALADE**

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H.P. DEVILLED SARDINES

Open a tin of sardines and drain the oil into a frying-pan. Add two teaspoons of H.P. Sauce. Fry the sardines in the flavoured oil, and serve on squares of toast.

H.P. Sauce is now in general distribution but supplies are still limited.

1/- A BOTTLE

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At tea-fights Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Were always the attackers.
They ate up everything, particklarlee
The Crawford's crisp Cream Crackers.

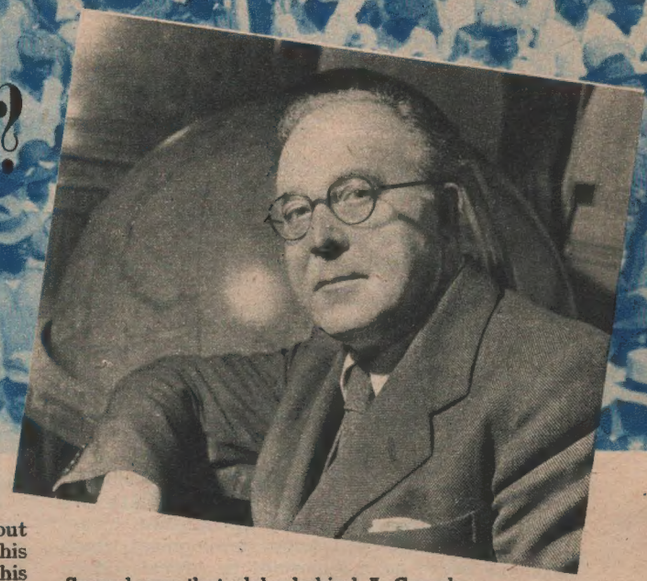
After Tenniel by permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Ltd.

Crawford's biscuits are **good** biscuits

HOW IS THE EMPIRE?

by HARRY HOPKINS

We have said goodbye to the "White Man's Burden"—and all that. Britain's colonies enter a new phase. The keynote: a square deal for the varied peoples who inhabit them



Spread over that globe behind A. Creech Jones, Colonial Secretary, are red patches—lands whose future lies with Whitehall

"SCUTTLE IS THE WORD and the only word," said Mr. Churchill recently. "The Empire is being cast away."

This month the Burmese are due to decide whether or not Burma stays British. Next year Britain quits India. Last May Ceylon got its own government—with only Defence and Foreign Affairs "reserved." Two months earlier the Gold Coast had become the first African colony to have an unofficial native majority on its council. And in Jamaica universal suffrage is already three years old.

All through its sprawling length and breadth, through its fifty-odd governments and its seventy million people, the Colonial Empire is stirring.

White Papers, circulars, new constitutions pour from the Colonial Office in a steady stream. A new Malayan citizenship, the last of the old chartered companies bought out in Borneo, a parliament again in Malta.

Was Mr. Churchill right? What is happening to the White Man's Burden? For, quite clearly, something pretty considerable *is* happening.

Whatever it is, you can trace it back to the days in 1938 when the newspaper front pages were black with the news of rioters running amok in Jamaica; of a cruiser dispatched to Kingston to restore order. The details that came out in the hard glare of publicity were hardly according to the book.

The people of Jamaica were revealed still floundering in the morass of misery in which their emancipation from slavery had left them. Fearfully they talked of the months when the plantations shut down, and their pay—only just enough to keep them alive—stopped. When the "hard time" came they lay in their wretched hovels, and, in that bounteous island, they starved.

Lived Like Animals

Two-thirds of all Jamaica's children were illegitimate. Naked, matchstick-limbed, swollen-bellied, they swarmed like animals about the fields. The population of this already overcrowded island leapt ever upward; and the people sank ever lower into an abyss of sub-human wretchedness.

"Here is a slum of Empire—on America's doorstep," Lloyd George told the shocked Commons.

For years teachers had been assuring their classes of the rare good fortune of the "backward peoples" in belonging to an Empire dedicated to their uplift, where they would steadily mount the Imperial escalator from "representative" to "responsible" government, finally achieving Dominion Status when "ripe for self-government."

And if certain colonies were rather a long time getting "ripe," few thought it necessary to comment on the fact.

But when Jamaica filled the world's front pages in 1938, it was suddenly revealed that an adjective more appropriate than "ripe" might be "rotten."

What had gone wrong?

The Royal Commission which went out to the West Indies put its finger firmly on the cause of the trouble. Political ideals were no use without a sound economic base. A man cannot cultivate his garden for tomorrow till he has something in his stomach today.

Most of the colonies were wretchedly poor. Their revenues didn't give them a chance to get anything worthwhile started, and because they couldn't get anything started they could never get any more revenues. And so they languished.

The Government dared not publish the Royal Commission's report. But it did act promptly on its findings. It incorporated them in a White Paper: "Statement of Policy on Colonial Development and Welfare."

Aid From Britain

This was a very important document. It threw overboard the old principle that each colony should be financially self-contained. It ruled that Britain must prime the pump of colonial development. Britain must give the colonies a leg-up.

Mr. Oliver Stanley embodied the new idea in the Colonial Development and Welfare Act of 1940, by which Britain would give the colonies £5,000,000 a year to help them clear their slums, build their social services, train their young men, improve their agriculture. In 1945 the Labour Government made the amount £120,000,000 for ten years.

A new chapter was now opened in the history of the Colonial Empire. The sum of £23,000,000 was set aside for "central services"—for research into nutrition, for surveys, for higher education of colonial students in Britain, a colonial housing bureau.

The rest was shared out according to need. Fiji got £1,000,000; Jamaica £6,500,000; Nigeria—where there are two million Africans with incomes of £2 a year—received the largest share, £23,000,000.

A Colonial Planning Department was created. With the new Whitehall grants swelling their revenues, the colonial governments were invited to prepare ten-year plans of development.

Let's take a look at Nigeria's ambitious £40,000,000 plan. For rural water and electricity supplies it sets apart £6,800,000; for new roads, £4,500,000. Then £8,000,000 is to be spent on sixty new hospitals, £1,700,000 on education and technical training, £170,000 on leprosy control, £56,000 on setting up peasant textile industries, £48,000 on waging war on the tsetse fly.

In Jamaica the electorate was increased from 100,000 to 700,000—but now social and economic development moved hand in hand with political advance. A network of social services was set up. Travelling "health units" went into action against squalor and apathy. The villages got community centres; £1,250,000 was spent on new schools; £500,000 on smallholdings. Trade unions were recognized.

But, as the Trinidad flare-up showed, the evil legacy of a century's neglect is not dispelled overnight. Our Colonial New Dealers still have a tough job before them.

And it is in Africa that its immensity comes home most sharply. For despite two generations of hard work by district officers and missionaries, despite the glamour of the recent Royal visit, most of Africa is still "Darkest Africa."

Vast numbers of the 42,000,000 Africans under Britain's care are malnurtured and miserable submen. Only ten to thirty per cent of African children go to school between six and ten years of age—and only a proportion of those learn to read. The primeval life of the jungle is gone. In its place we have put little but a mockery of "civilized" life.

The theories were nice. The facts are not nice. Once again, something had gone wrong.

One trouble has been that while our theorists hymned the beneficence of British Rule, our great commercial interests were busy draining away all the wealth out of the colonies to London.

A classic case is that of the Northern Rhodesia Copper Mines which, from 1936 to 1939, sent between five and six million pounds profit a year to London—while their native workers received less than £250,000, and the colony's entire budget wasn't greatly over one million.

Pick of the Jobs

The curtain was rung down on this era of outright exploitation when the Colonial Office issued a circular advising colonial governments to take over all mineral rights in their territory. They were to ensure that an adequate share of the proceeds stayed in the colony, and that Africans were enabled to train for the highest posts in the mines administration.

The circular also insisted that labour conditions in the mines must be good. For in Africa exploitation of human beings is as great a danger as exploitation of the wealth of the earth.

In 1938 only two British colonies had labour departments; now all have them save two. Experienced British trade unionists have been sent out to serve in these colonial labour departments, whose official policy today is to recognize and foster trade unionism among the African workers.

Not only have we exploited the colonies as our private mines; we have turned them into our farms, too. Instead of growing food to keep their families, many Africans now cultivate "cash crops" for a world market. And when, as happened fairly often, the bottom fell out of that market, the African was apt to starve.

The war—when the Government took over bulk purchase of many raw materials—pointed the way. In November cocoa marketing boards were set up for Nigeria and the Gold Coast which, between them, grow ninety per cent of the world's cocoa.

In Jamaica, insurance funds now cover the fluctuations in the price of bananas and sugar which have caused much of the island's troubles.

Another side of this effort to give the colonies a

more healthy economic life is the movement—still in its infancy—to develop in them the early stages of processing their raw materials and to establish small secondary industries.

Probably the most persistent enemy of Africa's progress is the African's utter lack of agricultural knowledge. Burning the bush, scraping the earth with a wooden hoe, moving on when its fertility was exhausted—such methods might have kept him alive in the old days, but now—when a good deal of the best land has been taken up by white plantations—they threaten him with famine.

Africa needs a new race of missionaries, missionaries of the tractor, of crop rotation and erosion control, who will carry the gospel of scientific farming to the innermost corners of the Dark Continent.

Today, 750 just such men are on their way to Africa from all over the Dominions and colonies. And, in Tanganyika, an army of natives with two hundred bulldozers are tearing up the bush to set up a "New Model" of colonial development which may well prove more important to Africa's future than a hundred White Papers and new constitutions.

Science Comes to Africa

Its title is prosaic enough. It is called "A Plan for the Mechanized Production of Groundnuts in East and Central Africa."

It has also been called "an African T.V.A." after the American Tennessee Valley experiment. And not inaptly, for this is the boldest application of science and the machine to the soil that Africa—and perhaps the world—has ever seen.

From 3,250,000 acres of bush, spread over three East African colonies, the plan provides for an output of 600,000 tons of groundnuts at a capital cost of £25,000,000. The 750 European experts will run 107 farming "units," each with a permanent labour force of 300 Africans, including seventy in special categories like tractor driver, hospital orderly, and so on.

The experts include botanists who will see that seeds most fitted to improve the yield and resist disease are selected; a nutrition adviser to supervise the diet of the workers; soil chemists who will map the soil types; entomologists who will help forward the eradication of the tsetse fly; a veterinarian who will study the possibilities of introducing cattle.

There will be a research station which will check on methods of soil conservation, crop rotation and disease control as the plan proceeds, and, in each main centre, a meteorological station.

This is large-scale Europeanized exploitation—but it is exploitation with a difference, exploitation from which everybody should gain immensely.

A fat-hungry world will gain 600,000 tons of groundnuts by 1950—equivalent to one-third of Britain's fat deficiency.

Britain will save £10,000,000 on her fats bill.

And Africa? What does Africa gain?

A new habitable area as large as Wales, where before was only waterless, tsetse-fly-ridden bush—relieving the pressure of the population on the soil, already reaching a dangerous point in East Africa.

A much-needed new source of food supplies—since half the area will be under grass fallow, and, when the tsetse fly is cleared away, open to stock farming.

And £2,500,000 worth of new railway lines, roads, deep-water berths and port installations.

For 30,000 Africans, there will be work at fair pay under conditions which aim to set a new standard for Africa. The workers will live in newly-built model settlements. Each worker will have his own home and a half-acre plot.

For hundreds of educated, ambitious young Africans, there will be the exciting possibility of advancement in a new career, serving both self and country.

For the impoverished colonial governments concerned, there will be a great access of revenue. The scheme should double the value of Tanganyika's exports.

As the world food position eases, there may be a chance to establish local groundnut processing industries—extracting the nut residues for use in local food products or in a plastics industry.

New Approach to Poverty

Above all, the scheme opens up a new technique, a new approach to the intractable problem of African poverty which, applied to other waste lands and other products, might lift Africa's darkness at last.

Though, for speed's sake, the plan, to begin with, will be in the hands of the United Africa Company (Unilever), it will later be handed over to the colonial governments and they, in turn, will finally hand it over to co-operative groups of Africans, to be run on the Russian collective farm system.

But there is no cure-all for the problems of Empire. For the administrators of the Colonial Office every piece of territory has its own peculiar headaches.

While tidying up its administrative maze (nearly a dozen separate governments for four million people) Malaya's problem is to link, in a new pride of citizenship, its go-getting Indian, British and Chinese immigrants with its "backward" Malays.

Having achieved independence, having settled with her hill tribes, Burma faces an enormous job of reconstruction with an industrial and financial machine almost wholly Indian and British.

Ceylon's new constitution is threatened by a minority complex of long standing.

Lord Winster, new Governor of Cyprus, has to win back a people with a long-cherished desire to link up with their compatriots in Greece.

In Kenya, where 3,500,000 Africans are represented on the legislative council by one nominated African, while seventeen councillors represent 20,000 Europeans, the religion of White Supremacy may yet make East Africa a continental storm centre.

Colonies Are Getting Together

Nevertheless, the new, realistic, economic approach is sweeping away some of the cobwebs of parochialism and narrow jealousies, bringing the wider, saner view which shows itself in the tendency of the colonies to form themselves into groups.

This is a long-overdue development for, acquired over a long period of years by an odd mixture of accident, absent-minded acquisitiveness and sheer grab, our colonies are today scattered untidily about the map in units often too small for progressive administration.

Today, in the islands of the Caribbean—where a West Indian national consciousness is developing—there is already a powerful movement, now backed by the Colonial Office, towards federation. Already Dutch, French, American and British administrators and people join in the war-born Anglo-U.S. Caribbean Commission which has a permanent secretariat at Trinidad with a research department.

Gambia, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast and Nigeria link up in the West African Council. The East African colonies work together on very similar problems in their governors' conferences. The new Malayan Union shows signs of extending some day into a "British East Indies," and, in the Pacific, Britain, Australia and New Zealand collaborate in the South Seas Regional Council.

The Colonial Empire can no more return to the days before the war than can Britain.

Three hundred and sixty thousand African soldiers have returned to their villages with a dramatically widened view of the world.

In East Asia, Jap propaganda and the resistance movements which followed awakened a new nationalism, sweeping away the old sycophantic hack politicians.

The Neglect of a Century

Wisely, our colonial administrators are today moving with the tide, not against it. But one Blue Book, a Royal Commission, a score of White Papers, even a dozen new constitutions, cannot undo the neglect and exploitation of a century.

As Creech Jones himself wrote before he became Colonial Secretary: "There are still great colonial areas where life is lived in the most primitive conditions, where people are profoundly ignorant, living in hovels and the bush, with no water supply for miles, with a margin of existence incredibly low, with their soil impoverished and infertile, and they themselves suffering from poverty and malnutrition."

It will be a long time yet before the facts of the Colonial Empire measure up to the theories. The Dark Continent is not going to become all sweetness and light overnight.

But at least the way ahead is now more clearly charted. If we pursue it with firm purpose the gain will be not only Africa's, or Malaya's, or the West Indies', or ours; it will be the world's.

No. Mr. Churchill, "scuttle" is *not* the only word; "save" might be another.

In the West End—of Kingston, Jamaica—young citizens of the Empire watch a native official take a population census, prelude to the colony's first democratic elections

BARGAINING IN WORLD AFFAIRS • CURE FOR SHYNESS • PEACETIME CENSORSHIP • SUPERSTITION AND COMMON SENSE

J. B. Priestley's trenchant views on questions of general interest put to him by John Bull readers are an exclusive weekly feature

Priestley's Page

Q. "In international affairs is there too much hard bargaining for national interests and not enough sense of responsibility to the human race as a whole?"

YES. The fault chiefly lies, I fancy, with the traditions of all Foreign Offices, which feel that it is their duty to further the national interest, often without reference to larger responsibilities or to what the results of all this intriguing and hard bargaining may be.

There is, I feel, something of a time lag here. The time has gone by when diplomacy can be safely regarded as a series of fascinating moves on the world's chess board.

We live no longer in that kind of world. Wars in these days involve whole continents and their populations, demand the full productive power of all the people engaged in them, and can easily result in the destruction of our whole civilization.

To play the sly old diplomatic game in this world is like striking matches in a gunpowder factory. And nowhere do the people themselves want to be represented in this dangerous fashion. Even if they feel no responsibility to the human race as a whole, they do at least realize that they may be hurled again into the furnace because of a few smart tricks that they never even demanded to be played on their behalf.

But I am convinced that a good deal of what we call "power politics" is simply the blind, foolish adherence to a tradition.

Q. "Is there any real cure for shyness or an inferiority complex?"

AN inferiority complex may work in two different ways. We probably owe some of the world's best work to inferiority complexes which have compelled their possessors to prove to the world that they are some good, after all.

An inferiority complex of this sort, driving a man on to exert himself and do his best, may do far more good than harm, even if it does tend to make its owner rather too aggressive.

But there is another kind of deep-seated inferiority complex that produces what we may call "a superiority complex." This kind of man is above mere competition, not being willing to risk a failure.

He is the chap who will not join in, because he is terrified of making a fool of himself. He will not prove how good he is, except by standing by and making an occasional supercilious comment.

But I do not say that all shy people are like this, although I think that shyness, which compels other people to make all the moves and risk the snubs, is too often thought to be a virtue and the mark of a more refined and delicate nature.

Probably most shyness is the result of an excess of self-consciousness. The shy man imagines that he is a bigger target than in fact he is, that he attracts more attention than in fact he does, and so exaggerates the importance of any small failure.

Naturally any man or woman who has spent a great deal of time alone, has been an invalid perhaps for a long period, or has been the victim in early life of some catastrophe, may easily tend to be too shy.

The best cure is probably to make a real imaginative effort to see yourself as other people see you, not as somebody over-lifesize, whose tiniest error is magnified, but as merely one person among many, neither a giant nor of course a midget.

And shy people should stop thinking that they are better, because more sensitive, than other persons, and should realize that their shyness does often throw an unfair amount of work on to the people they meet.

Q. "To what extent do you consider censorship—except in time of war—desirable?"

MUCH can be said in favour of a cautious and reasonable censorship. For example, we have all had to make great sacrifices to destroy the power of Nazism. It seems to me the height of folly to allow people to continue publishing stuff commending these pernicious doctrines.

Anti-Semitism and other ideas based on fanatical and perverted race-hatred should not, in my view, be allowed to find their way into print. All reasonable people are agreed that this stuff is poisonous, must do harm, and cannot possibly do good, and therefore I think we are entitled to censor it.

There is, too, a strong case for banning the type of cheap fiction, much read by the young, that is filthily sadistic and asks the reader to admire the crudest and most horrible violence.

At a time when there is still not enough paper to reprint some of our finest literature, it is a scandal that this muck should be published and find its way into shop windows and on to bookstalls (not on all of them, of course). Here, I think, it is time the Government showed a little moral courage.

Ironically enough, while we still allow Nazis, pornographers and perverts considerable liberty to do their worst, we also have a censorship of plays and films that often prevents serious, decent work from being performed.

It is time we looked into this censorship business.

Q. "Clairvoyance, fortune-telling and kindred superstitions are still indulged in by otherwise sensible people. Can you account for this?"

WHAT impels people to believe in fortune-telling and various superstitions is the ancient, deep-seated and by no means contemptible conviction of the interdependence of all things.

I do not say that this justifies the superstitions, but it does explain our frequent inability to dismiss them completely.

We are, of course, influenced in this by the attitude of hundreds of past generations of men. Let us take, as an example of these beliefs, astrology.

Now I agree that astrology as we have it now is undoubtedly nonsense. But the idea behind it is nothing like as silly as most educated persons imagine.

It is based on the notion that everything in the universe is inter-connected, that "the things below are as the things above."

It is not that the stars are actual influences but that the position of the stars will indicate the particular character of any given time, so that the persons born then will take on the character of that time.

We are not really dealing in causes but in immediate parallel effects. The weakness of the system is that there is no sound reason for assigning particular effects to certain conjunctions of the planets. This seems to me quite arbitrary, and therefore I do not believe in astrology.

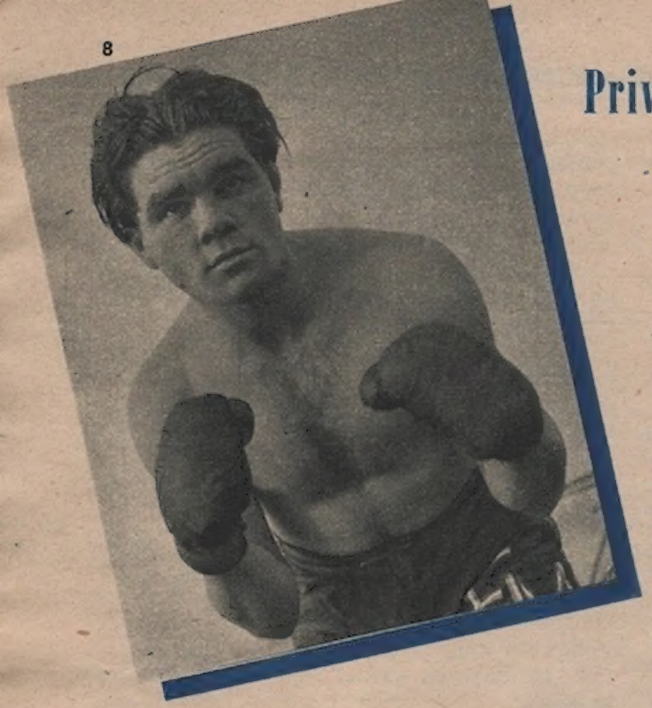
But the idea behind it is, I repeat, by no means contemptible.

Notice that great waves of superstition usually follow a decline in religious belief, simply as a substitute for religion's attempt to relate men's destiny to the whole cosmos.

But many small superstitions, in which we neither believe nor disbelieve, have survived, in a less impressive form, from earlier ages.

*** If you have a question for Mr. Priestley send it on a postcard to the Editor. No letters, requests or appeals, please

Private View of Freddie Mills



MILD-NATURED FIGHTER

SOMEBODY ONCE ASKED Freddie Mills if he was married. "No," replied the British cruiser-weight champion, who is going the right way towards becoming the light-heavyweight champion of the world, "but I'm attached—to a pair of boxing gloves!"

Twenty-eight this June, five feet ten inches in his boxing boots and scaling 175 pounds in his purple pants, Freddie Mills looks aggressive enough, crouching behind a pair of tightly clenched, shining leather gloves, with a face that seems to have been specially designed for his trade and a physique that combines both strength and speed. His hitting is remorseless and incessant.

They call him Freddie the Lionhearted; maybe because he learned to take punishment long before he discovered he could dish it out—as a youngster in his teens facing all comers in booths of town and country fairs. It was uphill work, a vicious and cruel way, but one that has battered experience into dozens of top-line boxers.

Freddie still carries a souvenir of those punch-drunk days and nights, when a succession of toughs tried to break his heart and found to their cost that they couldn't. His left ear is a bulge of swollen and twisted sinew, tucked up and scarcely noticeable in his thick, black hair. He got that cauliflower at the age of sixteen from Gipsy Daniels, who right-hooked him again and again on the side of the head, smashing the tissues of the ear.

When the tissues break down, the ear fills with blood which congeals. Freddie's went as big as his gloved fist, with Technicolor variations from bright red to green, blue and deep purple. It followed him everywhere, throbbing fire, so painfully sensitive that raindrops felt like hammer blows. He finally drew out the swelling with antiflogistine and by tying a matchbox over it.

Freddie Mills first attracted attention in 1941, as a sergeant in the R.A.F., when he knocked out Jack Powell at Reading in one round. Ted Broadribb saw the fight. Ted, an ex-boxer himself, who had once fought Carpentier and had managed nearly every British champ from flyweight to heavy, was then on the look-out for new talent. He had a proposition and Freddie was ready to talk business. Later they shook on it. Ted has managed Freddie ever since.

In September that year, he beat Tony Martin, the referee stopping the fight in the fifth round. In December Jack London fought it out to the finish, but the referee held up Freddie's hand as the winner on points. Next June he met Len Harvey for the Empire light-heavyweight title and surprised everybody by punching the champion out of the ring in two rounds.

K.O.-ing his next four opponents, Freddie later met Jack London again to contest the British and Empire heavyweight title. The fight was recorded as the fiercest fifteen rounds ever seen at Belle Vue, Manchester. Freddie gave London three stone and lost on a bare margin of points.

Then, and for some time after, Freddie found himself facing opponents in the heavyweight class—because the Board of Control did not consider any other light-heavy in England good enough to meet him.

That year he was drafted to India. He returned in 1946 and prepared to contest the light-heavyweight championship of the world with the American, Gus Lesnevich, at Harringay. They slashed it out on May 14. That night Freddie went home with his manager to Denmark Hill with his face unmarked but carrying the loser's purse of £7,560. Out of that, twenty-five per cent would go to Broadribb, with a substantial cut for expenses. From the balance P.A.Y.E. would scoop a cruel portion.

Three weeks later, Freddie and Bruce Woodcock, the British heavyweight champ, slugged each other for twelve of the goriest rounds at Harringay. Woodcock, blood-spattered from head to foot and with one eye closed, won on points. It was a narrow victory and the honours went to Mills, the lighter by far, for his stamina and fighting spirit.

The only other man who has been able to beat Freddie was Joe Baksi; but with other challengers like Nilsson, Quentemeyer, Bertola, the spectators have scarcely had time to warm their seats.

If there was ever a case of split personality in the boxing world, it is Freddie Mills. In the ring he is a dogged and aggressive fighter, who never yet has pulled a punch, but out of the ring he is a mild-natured, soft-spoken boy, with a ready smile and a friendly manner, excitable and enthusiastic and quite unaffected by success.

A great deal of this is attributable to his simple way of life. He likes plain, wholesome food, with an occasional pint of bitter. His training is never work—he enjoys every moment of it and would carry work-outs to excess if his trainer, Nat Sellers, allowed him.

THE DAY BEGINS at 7.30 a.m. when Freddie rises, shaves, brushes his teeth and throws on a thick, woollen sweater and an old pair of flannel pants. Before breakfast he takes a mild stroll to work up an appetite, then settles down to a solid meal of porridge with milk and sugar, then a hot dish of bacon and eggs, or steak and onions with mashed potatoes, or fried haddock with potato chips. He finishes off with buttered toast and marmalade and two or three cups of steaming tea.

After that Freddie sits back and lets it settle; he usually takes the morning papers into the next room and turns to the sporting page. During spare moments he tries to answer 200 fan letters a week, enclosing a photograph of the kind that Ted Broadribb orders by the 10,000. To date, he says, these have cost something like £500.

About midday Freddie goes to the Millwall Football Club ground and spends fifty minutes sprinting, shadow boxing, skipping and on light ground work—to keep his muscles trim and taut, to quicken his eye and speed up his reflexes. He follows with a light lunch and a siesta; then he takes a bus to Jack Solomons's stadium in Great Windmill Street, for a work-out of ten or twelve rounds with a succession of sparring partners wearing head-guards and sixteen-ounce gloves. Some days Freddie may take on as many as eight, who follow each other into the ring for a minute each during a three-minute round. He pays them £2 a round, and once offered Jack London £20 a day to spar during training periods. London refused the offer.

After a sweat-out, Freddie takes a hot and cold shower, rubs himself down briskly with a towel, then lies on a bed naked for massage by Nat Sellers. It is the best part of the training. Instead of embrocation Nat uses surgical spirit, particularly during the cold weather, as it evaporates quickly and closes up the pores. It is a treat to watch Nat pinching and patting Freddie's relaxed muscles at machine gun speed; there's an occasional yell as he finds a painful tendon.

NAT is the dictator who decides exactly what his charge eats, when he sleeps, how he works and relaxes. It is Nat Sellers who tells Freddie when he has had enough, because Freddie would rather go on and on until exhausted, and it is Nat Sellers who defends Freddie's corner on a *big night*, with a bottle of adrenalin to stem a bleeding cut, an ice-pack to cool Freddie's neck, because the old method of fanning merely blew spectators' smoke into the panting boxer's lungs; and once he took a bottle of champagne just in case Freddie's heart needed speeding-up.

As the fight is a climax to which everything has led up, both Sellers and Broadribb tend to be jittery as the day approaches. Freddie merely intensifies his training and goes to bed earlier in his simple room at Camberwell, with the pin-ups splashed on the wall and his sports gear littering the corners.

A fan is Stewart Granger, who visits the changing-room before every big fight as Freddie sits squarely on a chair having his hands bandaged to tighten his fists, a day's growth on his chin and wearing a blue silk dressing-gown with a red lion embroidered on the back. It's a present from his local, the "Red Lion" at Camberwell Gate.

The feeling is tense in the changing-room before a fight. Among the few permitted into that antiseptic sanctum, nerves are tight and getting tighter. Little is said and the odd crack flops like a split ping-pong ball—unless, say, Bud Flanagan drops in, ever fooling, to wish Freddie luck.

When a boy knocks to indicate it is time, Freddie gets up quietly, walks to the ring with his entourage following and climbs up into the pool of vaporous light to face the dark mass of cheering fans.

During the Mills-Lesnevich fight last summer, it looked, for ten rounds, like an easy victory for Freddie. He had pounded the other's face to a crimson pulp, mercilessly, until it seemed that the American must go down; he could hardly see out of the blue, swollen slits before his eyes. Yet in one of Freddie's unguarded moments Lesnevich saw his chance and struck hard in the solar plexus.

Freddie's knees sagged, his arms drooped, and Lesnevich went in, punching until the referee stopped the fight—within four seconds of the gong.

Boxing fans have argued fiercely over the referee's action. The gong would have saved Mills; a minute's respite in his corner might have given him back his wind and in the eleventh round he might have regained the initiative he had already established.

Whatever the conclusion, it would be as well to remember that fight, for at the moment negotiations are proceeding for a return between the British and American champions. Freddie is tough all right. So is Lesnevich. The odds are anyone's guess.

DENNIS HOLMAN

The Hyams's outside their married quarters "somewhere in Middlesex"

SOLDIER'S WIFE

by JOHN K. NEWNHAM

A fully furnished house for 14s. a week, free upkeep, no shortages, no queues. A dream? No, reality for the regular soldier and his family

New furniture "miles ahead of Utility" will soon replace this prewar set

NO QUEUEING WHEN YOU GO SHOPPING. Very few shortages of goods. Your full ration of coal and coke, delivered promptly every fortnight, with a free issue of firewood. Your chimneys swept, free of charge, regularly every three months.

A comfortable house, fully furnished, for a weekly rental of fourteen shillings. Your furniture exchanged, without costing you a penny, the moment it gets worn out. All your redecorating and plumbing done for you at the landlord's expense.

This dream of Paradise is today's reality to petite, blonde Mrs. Joyce Hyams.

Her husband, Corporal John Hyams, joined the Army six years ago, signing on for regular service. After spending most of his time in the Middle East, Africa, in the Arnhem "do," and as a prisoner of war for nine months, he has just decided to sign on for another fourteen years. I am beginning to understand why.

A few months ago, Joyce Hyams was living with her husband and their baby in a couple of rooms at her mother's house in North London, and John had to spend fourteen shillings a week on bus fares to get to work. Now he doesn't spend a penny on travel, leaves home at half-past eight in the morning, gets back for a mid-morning cup of tea, again for an hour at lunch, and finishes the day at quarter-past five. He has only a hundred yards to go to work.

One of the lesser-known aspects of Army life is the provision of married quarters. The very term conjures up visions of a section in an ordinary barracks. Married quarters in the Army, however, are genuine, full-scale houses, and just at the moment the task of putting up more of them and modernizing the old ones is occupying some attention in Whitehall.

Bugbear of Army Life

There is nothing new about married quarters in the Army, but housing the new Army's married couples is a War Office priority task today.

The greatest bugbear of Army life has been the enforced separation of families. This has caused untold misery, sent Service divorce rates soaring, ruined marital relationships in numerous ways.

Now the aim is to keep families together as much as possible, even when the soldier is sent overseas. This, of course, applies to Regulars only. The frequent moves and short service make it impracticable for conscripts.

What is life really like for girls who marry soldiers and succeed in getting into married quarters? I visited Joyce Hyams.

Hers is not a show house. It is one of a terrace adjoining the ordnance depot in Middlesex where her husband is stationed. Built before the war, it is very much better than many of the older ones, but not nearly so good as the new ones which are now being built and will be built in the future.

Her furniture is serviceable more than decorative, but before long the house will be refurnished for her. I have seen the new Army furniture, which will go into all the new houses and will gradually supersede the furniture in the houses now occupied.

It is miles ahead of any of the Utility furniture I have seen.

All This—and No Outlay

The bedroom suite consists of a double bed, with a spiral spring and a hair mattress; an excellently-fitted wardrobe with long mirror; a dressing-table; bedside tables and two chairs. If there is a child, there is a smaller suite for the second bedroom. The dining-room will have a long refectory table, four green rexhide-covered chairs, two overstuffed easy chairs with loose covers, fireside chair, sideboard and coffee table on wheels.

The kitchen includes all modern labour-saving devices and a stainless steel-top table. There is a swivel-top table and a utility table for general use in the hall or elsewhere. I tried to calculate the cost if one were able to purchase all this furniture and equipment, and my guess of between £400 and £500 was not contradicted.

That is what the ordinary, non-commissioned soldier's family will be getting soon. Joyce Hyams still has the prewar furniture.

"But I'm content with it as it is," she said. "We've got our own home and we're comfortable."

Her house is the smallest type. The Hyams's have only one child, eight-month-old Maureen. When Maureen gets older they will be given a larger house with two bedrooms instead of the one they have at present.

Besides the large bedroom, they have a living-room, a bathroom, separate lavatory, and a big kitchen which has plenty of room for the pram, plate and laundry racks, larder, meat safe, and boiler for constant hot water. Downstairs, there are half a dozen wooden chairs, a table, a couple of armchairs, a sideboard, a 6-ft. linen cupboard. The bedroom has a large double bed, a wardrobe, chest of drawers with mirrored stand, a bedside locker and a fitted cupboard.

Everything is included in the fourteen shillings weekly rent that they pay—crockery, bedclothes, curtains, cutlery, floorings and fittings. The only extras are light and heating.

"It would be difficult to find a house as good these days, or at such a low rent," says Joyce Hyams. "But there's more to it than that. I buy all my food, with the exception of meat, at the N.A.A.F.I. I can get things which are reserved in most shops for very favoured, under-the-counter customers—and some which even they can't get.

"Besides the rationed goods, I get grand varieties of soups, fresh and tinned fruits, sauces, biscuits, rusks for the baby, and things like soap powders, soap, dishcloths, cosmetics, handkerchiefs and cigarettes. There is hardly any queueing unless a lot of us happen to choose the same moment for shopping, which is just too bad.

"And then, at the end of it all, I get two shillings in the pound rebate."

She has the advantages of the free services supplied by the Army. The upkeep of the house doesn't cost anything. When redecorating or plumbing is necessary, the Sappers do it. When an electric-light bulb fuses, it is exchanged immediately. If there is illness, the Army Medical Officer attends them. Dental services are included. The Army has its own hospitals, and in some cases even its own maternity homes.

Seventy-odd families live at this Middlesex depot.

"If we want to go out to a show or a dance or just visiting, there is always someone willing to look after Maureen," Joyce Hyams told me.

There is a Garrison Theatre in the camp. Dances and other social functions take place in the mess. Wives are invited.

If He's Posted Away

Naturally there's no restriction on their movements. If they want to go away, the depot's police keep an eye on the house. Although the laundry has to be sent out or done at home, the husband's clothes are laundered free of charge. And over the weekend you can find Corporal John Hyams in *his* garden.

"What happens if you get shifted?" I ask him.

"Joyce will join me at my new station, at home or overseas, as soon as a 'married quarter' is available. Meanwhile, she will be able to stay where she is for a reasonable time, but may have to move into a civilian house if the one she occupies is needed by another soldier. Wherever we are moved the Army pays all fares both there and back."

"What about supervision?" He shook his head.

"Once you are in a house, you have as much privacy as if you were living outside. There are no military inspections. The only 'official' visitor we have had has been the colonel's wife. That was a welfare visit—to find out if we were comfortable or in need of anything."

All other ranks up to that of W.O.1 get exactly the same houses and the wives mix on the same level.

There is a great deal to be said for this special

attention to Army families. Many of them have been kept apart since 1939 and, until they can be provided with houses, their separation is bound to continue. It is usually impossible for a wife to find a home near enough to her husband's barracks for him to get a sleeping-out pass.

And the prospect of long and enforced separation stops many men from volunteering for the Regular Army. The only solution is a rapid and large-scale increase in the provision of married quarters. And that's something the War Office is facing up to.

Ten thousand married quarters are at present needed for "other ranks" in this country alone.

Already, a number of families have moved into the first of the 500-odd huts which are being converted into temporary accommodation. And before the year is out, several hundred couples will take over the first of the Army's new postwar houses.

The Army's programme aims at 1,000 homes during the first year of the postwar plan. Work has begun on 600 houses. For the second year's programme, 800 sites are already fixed.

"We are not asking for priority over civilian needs," the War Office assured me. "We are asking for only our fair share."

Existing houses are not being requisitioned, and all houses are being built to standard Ministry of Works specification. The majority at present under construction are of the three-bedroom type, but the aim is to graduate the houses into two types—with either two or three bedrooms. Rents, fully furnished, will work out at fifteen shillings and sixpence, or seventeen shillings. This is deducted from the soldier's marriage allowance.

Besides the houses, there will be large blocks of flats in some areas and work has begun on converting the older establishments and bringing back into use the many prewar married quarters which were given over to American soldiers, to A.T.S. and to others.

A Porch and a Garden

Some of the old-established married quarters are hopelessly out of date. The Army admits this. Something akin to squalor can be found. "And that," my War Office informant remarked, "is because when the Army builds, it builds too well. Quarters which were put up a hundred years ago are still standing as solidly as ever.

"We are doing our best to modernize them, but this will never be thoroughly satisfactory. Putting in baths and modern fittings is not enough. Entirely new houses are needed."

Official standards for the new houses lay down that there shall be a porch with room for a pram, space for children to play in, and garden space. Planning and equipment have been decided on by a War Office committee. Wives of serving soldiers sat on that committee and put forward their ideas.

The houses must be within easy access of school and shops, and all will be equipped with labour-saving devices. The existing Army schools will gradually give way to the Ministry of Education establishments.

Before the war, the qualifying age for married quarters was twenty-six. This has now been reduced to twenty-one. Each Command has a committee to decide on the cases. Priority goes to those suffering hardship through separation or being unable to find outside quarters.

There is still a long way to go before this Army housing is ideal. Much leeway has to be made up. But quite a lot of progress has been made since the first introduction of "married quarters" in the eighteenth century, when one end of a barrack room would be curtained off and wives allowed to live there in return for cooking the men's meals and cleaning out the room!

At Malmoe and Madrid (as well as at Blackpool and on Hampstead Heath) the Dodgems and other mechanical toys raise laughs—and our export receipts

They Come to Britain for their Dodgems

New-style Dodgems, Roundabouts, Peepshows ... the British-made mechanized toys that give fairs their fun are attracting buyers from all over the world

JOHN DAVIES, merchant and army contractor of Basra, Iraq, looked long and lovingly at the glossy picture of the Kiddies' Paddleboat "with detachable machine gun."

"I don't know," he said doubtfully. "The Euphrates and the Tigris are pretty swift, you see. . . ." He threw the catalogue back on top of all the others in the wardrobe drawer of his London hotel.

It was overflowing with catalogues, that drawer. Catalogues of Dodgems and Dive Bombers and "Feed the Ducks" games, catalogues of pin-tables and coin-counters and Ghost Trains and "Ice-Hok" and "Waltonians" and auto-tickets ("Future Husbands," sets of ten, 36s. per thousand), and "the Right Swag at the Right Prices."

All very important reading for Davies because in a few months from now, in Baghdad and Basra—not far from the Garden of Eden—he'll be opening the first fun fairs (Blackpool style) in the Middle East. He is not the only overseas buyer in Britain today with such a long and curious shopping list. London is almost crowded with Indians and Egyptians and Australians and Dutchmen and Argentinians possessed by an ambition to dispel their fellow citizens' postwar depression at some slight profit to themselves.

Before the war these pilgrims would have gone to the United States or to Germany where our showmen, too, bought much of their equipment. But today Britain has her own amusement equipment industry which not only provides home-made laughs and thrills but—with a Cripps quota of two for export to one for home—makes a million-pound contribution to the export drive.

Taking a look round with John Davies gives a fair picture of what Britain has to offer the world these days in the way of mechanized diversion. Davies is after a Dodgem, complete with track, shipped in sections, with around twenty cars. It is liable to cost him upwards of £5,000.

The track's not so easy these days, but the cars. . . . Just step into the office of Jack Shillan, bluff, grey-haired managing director of the British Motor Boat Manufacturing Company, and one of the leading figures of Britain's booming amusement industry.

The German and the Motor Boat

Eighteen years ago Shillan, a baker's son, was operating speedboats on the Welsh Harp, Hendon, and doing quite nicely, thank you, when a German from Hamburg came to see him. The German had a little motor boat on a lorry. He asked Shillan if he could copy it.

Shillan looked the boat over critically. It was a pretty crude job. He said he'd not only copy it—he'd improve on it. But when at last the shining new boat was ready, it turned out that the German hadn't any money. So Shillan decided to have a go at making the boats for himself.

With an interval during the war when he made the engines for airmen's escape craft, he's been

making them ever since, together with the two other fun fair lines which today roll out from the company's factories at Banbury and Southport—Dodgem-style cars and smart midget racing cars.

Today, in holiday resorts all over the world, children (and their parents) are happily careering around in Shillan's boats and cars. At Groiningen in Holland and Germistown in the Transvaal, at Oran and Santiago and Gibraltar, Malmoe, Madrid and Mancalieri, at Hamilton in Canada and Brisbane in Australia and Valencia in Venezuela.

Just back from a U.S. tour, Shillan is optimistic about the prospects of British "ride" manufacturers beating their American competitors on their own ground—with its five hundred amusement parks and three hundred travelling fairs. "The Americans are lost unless they can turn out enormous quantities," he said. "In a business like this, where individual craftsmanship comes into play, we can beat them both in quality and price."

There's not been a serious accident with British-made equipment for twenty years. Then, the stuff must be light—and strong; attractive and simple. Shillan wags a finger: "Always remember it's the youngsters that bring 'em in."

You Saw Your Luck in Lights

We'll bear it in mind. But just now John Davies is worried about those automatic machines of his. He's having to get special coin slots made to take a four fils piece—like a threepenny bit but not so thick. And that brings us to the automatic machine industry and to the success story of Fred Lovett.

In the early 1930s Lovett was a worker in an engineering plant, when one day he took it into his head to make a pin-table for the amusement of his children. Being, as they say, "of an ingenious turn of mind," Lovett made a pin-table that was *different*. An electric pin-table, cleverly wired up. You saw your luck in lights.

An automatic machine manufacturer heard about the new pin-table, and went along to see for himself.

That was the beginning. Now Lovett and his partner Stevenson, who used to be in the film business, have their eyes on Chicago where automatic fun fair machine making is almost a major industry and one firm alone employs 11,000 men making pin-tables. Lovett and Stevenson haven't got quite that far yet—but they're on the way.

They're hard at it bringing a British revolution to that conservative American institution—the pin-table. Lovett claims he's produced the first hundred per cent skilled pin-table. On his plan, the ball is fed from the top, instead of the bottom, kept under control all the way with a steering wheel.

Most Lovett and Stevenson machines have big steering wheels in front. Nothing like a steering wheel, they say, for giving people a sense of being really in control. They want, says Lovett, a machine that'll make them feel: "Now *I'm* the guv'nor here."

John Davies took another look at his shopping list. "Juke boxes?" he muttered, thoughtfully. "I shall have to have at least one in each arcade."

Before the war he would have had to go to America. Now he can go to Blackpool—to the big modern factory on the Preston road where six hundred workers are today sending British penny-in-the-slot music round the world.

Here's success story number three of Britain's postwar amusement industry. In Coventry, in the early nineteen twenties, lived an engineering apprentice named Frank Hawtin. Both he and his cabinet-maker brother, Ernest, were on the dole. They borrowed £7 from a policeman and in a derelict pigsty at the bottom of their garden made an imitation Sheraton table.

Orders began to trickle in. The Hawtin boys were started. After that, through a good many years and much hard slogging, to radio cabinets—and thirty employees; then to slot-machines for Blackpool showmen.

The firm grew. By the time the American troops landed over here Hawtin's was a £250,000 company. The Yanks were fed up and far from home. They missed the corner drugstores—and the 350,000 juke boxes of America.

Someone told worried U.S. Army welfare chiefs about Frank Hawtin, master of slot-machine engineering. If anyone in Britain could make a juke box, they heard, it was Frank Hawtin. The generals took their problem to Blackpool where the Hawtin factory was pouring out Spitfire parts and bomber gun-turrets. Frank Hawtin listened carefully and accepted the challenge. Before long five hundred Blackpool-made juke boxes were bringing a whiff of America to homesick G.I.s.

The Americans were astonished at the fine tone, the workmanship, the finish of the British machines. They told Hawtin: "You've got something there." Frank Hawtin took the tip. He concentrated the entire amusements side of his Blackpool plant on juke-box manufacture. Today it's one of the brightest export hopes of the industry.

Now, while we're still in Blackpool, Davies would like a couple of "Waltonians."

You keep on hearing about "Waltonians" in this business. The invention of a Lancashire man named Leonard Walton, it's based on the "Rotary Merchandizer"—a machine which lures its customers with an array of prizes spread over a rotating disc, then invites them to take their fancy by manipulating an overhanging arm.

Walton got his showman's psychology to work, made the rotating disc an attractive mirror, put in four manipulating arms instead of one, added various other refinements and some first-class machinery—and his Dover Street works were soon putting paid to another American monopoly.

This pattern of continuous adaptation is characteristic of the business. For showmen, catering for enduring human appetities, are, on the whole, conservative folk. A new paint job one year, a new name the next, but underneath all the streamlining the familiar old institutions of our holiday Never-Never Land remain pretty well intact.

But it was in the paint shop of R. J. Lakin, a solid Midlander who's been making roundabouts for forty years, that I asked about the good old spotted horses that slid up and down so leisurely in our youth. Lakin shook his head. Roundabouts still went round, yes—but now the cry was "Faster! Faster! Faster!" He showed me the 1947 pattern horses. Teams of bucking broncos tore round a hump-backed track.

"That's the sort of thing they're after these days." He pointed to a picture of his "Moon Rocket." "Speed—it's all speed." Even that quaint piece of Victoriana, the peepshow, is streamlined now.

War Scrap is Raw Material

The difficulties the manufacturers have had to cope with have been heartbreaking. Foreign buyers would certainly be amazed if they knew the story of all the old ammunition boxes, aircraft packing cases, air-raid shelter bunks, invasion barges, that have gone into the making of these smart British products.

Anyway, John Davies, merchant, of Basra, is well pleased with his shopping. He hopes they can make him the peepshow combined with music that he's set his heart on. It should certainly go over with a bang.

When he gets those crates unpacked, the Davies Fun Fair is going to be the rage of Basra and Baghdad.

For today the East lies open before the all-conquering juke box. The teeming millions yearn to insert their annas, cents or fils in the appropriate slot. A Dutch syndicate plans a big fun fair for Cairo. Enterprising Indians from Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Rangoon, con their catalogues as industriously as John Davies. Singapore and Hongkong—where the Chinese have long shown an avid appetite for mechanized amusement—are back on the market, this time buying British.

Sober-sided Britain is today Fun-Maker to the World.

Does trade follow the juke box? We may hope so.

HENRY FIRTH

TALKING POINTS ABOUT Drink

"MAN IS A DRINKING ANIMAL" began a newspaper article some years ago; and though the philosopher-author had meant to say "thinking," the sentence still remained a profound truth. Drink, whether we like it or not (and 50,000 Temperance Society members denounce it as poison), plays a big part in national life. Last year the beer output was 30,580,000 bulk barrels; 32,666,000 in 1945.

★ ★ ★

In the last distilling season before the war, Britain produced 30,000,000 bottles of whisky. The next seven years' output *totalled* only 45,000,000 bottles, that is, more than five years' production was lost. Since the distillers are drawing on fine old stocks, today's whisky is of excellent quality, but five or six years from now the standard will not be so good. Whisky should mature for a minimum of three years, preferably for five.

★ ★ ★

Whisky is Irish in origin and has been drunk in Scotland only for the last two hundred years. Originally known as "usquebaugh" (from the Irish *uisge-beathe*, water of life) Scotch whisky is world famous. This is partly due to the Highland water, which is actually exported to Continental distillers.

★ ★ ★

At the Vintners' Hall in London, a hundred students recently attended classes on how to judge good wine and spirits. Every sort of whisky was available—*but they were taught to test it by smell.*

★ ★ ★

Champagne stocks set aside for Britain in France are so big that cellarage is a problem and French wine merchants are protesting against the import ban which prevents their selling the wine to us. We recently imported from Portugal 10,452,000 bottles (8,000 tons) of port, and 10,000 tons of sherry.

★ ★ ★

A distinguished scientist once subjected a flock of geese to the following test: half were made drunk every day by spirits, the remainder were strictly teetotal. The first half showed better breeding rate, bigger eggs and better health than the teetotallers. When epidemics attacked the flock, the drunkards suffered least. *But*—the spirits were administered as vapour, so the ill effects of excessive alcohol on the stomach were avoided.

★ ★ ★

At the Exhibition of the Physical Society this year, a "magic eye" selenium cell device was shown which, when trained on a glass pipe, automatically turned off the cock if the flow clouded, and rang a warning bell. Developed by the R.A.F. for checking petrol pipelines, this patent will be invaluable to brewers and to distillers.

★ ★ ★

It takes five times more barley to make beer than to make whisky. Tax revenues from alcoholic drink are high. Burton-on-Trent normally turns out 60,000 barrels of beer a week on which the duty is about £600,000.

★ ★ ★

In prohibition days, the American railways had a slogan "See America First." Some humorist suggested it should read "See America Thirst." Though doubtless "a noble experiment," prohibition cost America £10,000,000,000 in ineffectual enforcement costs and in crime.

★ ★ ★

Today British distillers sell whisky in New York at five shillings a bottle, on which there is 4s. 6d. duty. The American purchaser pays thirty-five shillings. Between 1943 and 1946 we sent 82,000,000 bottles of whisky to the U.S.A.

★ ★ ★

"Work is the curse of the drinking classes" (Oscar Wilde).

BREAK THE FOOD DEADLOCK (4) by CLAU

MORE HOME FOOD—IT'S NOW OR

In Britain there's no public conscience about producing food. Hence, a crisis! Farmer, worker and Government must draw together. The land needs men, machinery and money—since sweet words won't plough an acre. That's the lesson of the final article in this John Bull series

THERE IS NO BUTTON B in farming. You can't get your money back. The farmer learns his lessons the hard way, by his losses.

I knew something was wrong when I arrived home in Cornwall late at night after the long winter and saw a cigarette marching up and down in the darkness outside the front door. Man behind the cigarette was a market gardener who rents a bit of land. His broccoli had been cut to ribbons by wind and ice. In a fortnight in west Cornwall 1,500 acres were lost. He fought the battle of the weather all over again in my ear, but to no good purpose.

That's the farming game. The weather is a crisis every morning of every week of every year.

Yet, in addition to the headache of the climate, the British farmer over the past quarter-century has had to put up with hundreds of counterfeit promises from people who basically wouldn't put a halfpenny on the price of his milk, even if it meant the difference between his survival or retirement.

Let us look at the state of slow agricultural drift in this country since the war ended.

In two years, after 1944, we lost a million and a quarter acres of land which had been producing food in wartime. Good land, gone back to grass and rabbits.

Every week since the war ended, eleven thousand acres of British cultivated soil returned to grass.

Last year we exported three and a half million pounds' worth of tractors—while our own machines were either worked to the last gasp or worn out.

Last year we lost a third of a million pigs—because the Government decided it had to cut down imports of animal feeding stuffs—and Tom Williams, Minister of Agriculture, was only recently able to restore the old rations. You can't get many chickens today, except on the black market—and it has been for the same reason.

Wasted Acres

Yet most practical farm men believe we could grow enough stuff at home to feed the pigs and poultry. A friend of mine recently sent along a cutting from *The Times* in which Mr. Shaxson, a Sussex farmer, said: "There are thousands of acres of runout pasture and scrub land which could quite comfortably grow barley for three or four years to feed pigs and produce bacon to save foreign exchange."

Another cutting on my desk quotes Mr. Hurd, a Wiltshire farmer who is also in Parliament, saying that, given a chance now, our farms could produce an extra £10,000,000 more food in the next twelve months.

Yet last September we lost 42,000 land girls, a good sixty per cent of whom would have stayed if the Government had made a single generous appeal.

The farmers' manpower is reduced, yet we hope to maintain the farmers' output. Abracadabra—your guess is as good as mine as to how it's going to happen. If all these things had been happening in Industrial England, instead of down in the no-man's-land beyond the last red bus-stop, I guarantee that by now the protectors of our industrial interests would be screaming like a bunch of Mussolinis on a balcony. And all the M.P.s from Bolton, Wigan, Bradford and Bootle raising more stink than tear gas in Whitehall!

But whenever they talk about agriculture in the House the town M.P.s remember some previous appointments and the letters they haven't written.

The plain, blunt fact is that beyond the Government's excellent long-term plans for agriculture—I am convinced the best plans of any Government yet—there is a complete lack of caring about the food we produce in this island. There is no public conscience about it, and there is little public effort about it.

Same Old Story

It's the same old story—all over the years. When it comes to feeding himself from his own food, John Bull is like an Olympian bull in an old china shop, battering his way in and out of difficulties, but never getting through the open door to freedom.

"Look what we have already done for agriculture by way of planning," a Labour M.P. said to me. "The farmers must see what we have given them."

To this the farmer might smile and say: "I am very grateful for all these things." And he might pause and add: "Have you given us your hearts?"

There's a lot in that. Farming is more than a profession. It is a way of life. The farmer has an open hearth and an open heart—for those he trusts.

I believe that the biggest fillip to food production would be given if farmer, worker and Government drew closer together.

Men must keep touch in background and spirit. It is the only way to get results. William Cobbett was one great countryman who succeeded because the farm workers were the acolytes of the only religion he believed in. He loved the land.

Cobbett would not have stood by while the small market gardener paid a high rent of four pounds an acre for agricultural land worth seventeen shillings. Neither would he have sat still while farm workers lived in houses like mousetraps—tied cottages. Neither would he have stayed quiet while we frittered away our American loan in finished feeding stuffs and a million acres of our own land went out of cropping.

He would have yelled against the freight charges. To rail one ton of fruit, valued £20 prewar, from Maidstone to Glasgow, cost exactly £5. By passenger train, the only swift way to move perishable commodities, the cost rose to over £11 a ton.

His voice would have been heard in protest as the milling combine buys up all the small independent millers—men who know the land for perhaps twenty miles around and who are now being replaced by rubber stamps from a Liverpool office.

His hands would have been raised against the Civil Service—whenever that Civil Service forgot it was an employee. Who in the devil, he would have said, do they think they are? Answering the phone like it bored them to death, not giving people the barest courtesy.

Cobbett was for the millions of ordinary men, sitting down at breakfast and opening their papers and finding . . . nothing. Stretching out their hands towards some new hope, some new promise and finding . . . nothing.

He would have told Lord Lucas, who is now looking into the agricultural marketing acts, that with controlled marketing boards we can reduce distribution costs by as much as a third, while still allowing those in distribution a reasonable reward. He would have shown how that saving of a third could be used to give the farmer a fairer return, the agricultural worker a fairer wage, and the consumer a fairer price.

Above All—Faith

But beyond the economic crux of the situation, beyond the statistics that dull the edge of any reality, he could contribute that indefinable something which would assure the farmer that the programme would not suddenly be reversed in a "scare."

He would contribute faith, confidence, stability—and the greatest of these would be faith.

And I think, somehow, that he would have ordered imagination as the directing force of the Ministry of Agriculture—for too long the dump for

D MORRIS

NEVER

He whose eye is on the wind
Will never sow;
He who studies clouds
Will never reap.

many Civil Service misfits who have pulled down the fighting strength of its good brains.

Now what are we going to do about it today—you and I? If we pooled the muscles of the man on the farm with the sharp wits of the man in the city, what a nation we could build!

I believe a great deal would already be achieved if you, as a townsman, would campaign in your own way for the men in the country.

Get into the habit of being interested. Look into the fields and see what they grow. Teach your children to spot the crops.

Here's What We Need

Food doesn't come out of a tin. There's muck and sweat behind it. Support every move of your local council to rationalize and cut the cost of food distribution. Support the attack on the food monopolies.

Write to your M.P. and ask why he doesn't take an interest in agricultural debates. If you see him at a public meeting, stand up and say you've got some questions to ask about agriculture, and then let him have it with both barrels.

To get back to prewar livestock standards we need seven million sheep, two and a half million pigs, twenty million poultry. I believe that if one out of ten people who read this article campaigned for this target, bludgeoned their M.P. and pilloried the Government, we should make it.

And what about the crisis in food? What can we do? I believe in a ten-point answer.

First, a new spirit, esprit de corps—call it what you will—among the men on the land.

Second, it's high time our land was properly utilized by the farmers themselves. It can be reckoned that at least ten per cent of the farmers in the country don't use their land regularly. Some of them are fallowing even now—they shouldn't do it, if the present food crisis is the emergency the nation believes it to be.

Third, the agricultural committees in each district should act more drastically.

Fourth, the much-boosted Government advisory scheme for farmers is not working efficiently. There are farmers I know who don't manure their potatoes, don't know what kind of wheat they are growing. Lazy, ineffective farmers suffering from a rush of brains to the boots. And there are plenty of smallholders wanting land who'd be glad to take over misused, wasted land.

Fifth, it's Mr. Tom Williams's job to put the farmers in a crisis mood to meet the crisis. We can aim, not at a miserly increase in food output, but at a forty per cent upping of crop yields. Prices, as a general rule, may be considered adequate, but they are not *crisis prices*. The farmer has just been given an extra five-sixteenths of a penny per gallon for his milk. Why not a penny? Then the farmer will sit up and say: "I really believe these people mean business."

Sixth, an all-out drive for more farmers, young farmers and workers. Make it attractive. It's the best man's life in the world.

Seventh, put your money on the small farmer. Help him, aid him. Show him you don't think he's all whalebone between the ears. Encourage him to voluntary co-operation.

Eighth, a complete and ruthless shake-up of the black market, eliminating half the speculation still going on. Establish Government marketing boards for the bulk of the produce, and give these boards regional control. Don't run them top-heavy from London with clerks who have never seen a cow.

Ninth, clip the wings of the big food combines who buy the farmer's grain and sell him back the by-products for cow-feeding. There's too much concentrated power in these groups.

Tenth, the Government must today give TOP PRIORITY to agriculture. Priority in men, priority in machinery, priority in money! Sweet words won't plough an acre.

Without the last of these I do not believe any new spirit will come to our already declining agriculture. And without this new spirit of all-out for food I believe that the periodic crisis which sweeps British agriculture like a cold wind every few years will go on occurring. Trying to push back a food crisis is often like trying to push back a wall of water. There is nothing solid to grasp. Let's get to grips.

Let every townsman admit, with complete lack of side, that his welfare is inextricably entangled with the welfare of the men who run the tractors and feed the cows. Give this most vital breadbasket of an industry top priority! Tomorrow will not do. It's now or never. If we can't save our agriculture after a major war, we shan't save it after a few years of unlovely peace.

Let these things happen and I guarantee that the food shortage, now, or tomorrow, or next winter, will fold its tent like an Arab and steal silently away.

A Word to the Government

One last word to the Government: *Cultivate the power of seeing plain things in the sunlight of surprise*. Get out of the offices and on to the highways. I would like to see men at the Ministry of Agriculture take to caravan and tour the food front to talk to the landworkers as Montgomery did to the troops during the war.

The corner of a field is a windy place for a discussion group this spring, but that's where the battle is fought and won.

What about it, Mr. Williams? What about it, Lord Huntingdon? Want any help from the workers, Mr. Williams?

I believe in the things said in these four crisis articles on food—that this way lies the path back to the idea of Merrie England, a land of work, freedom and leadership, a land of ordinary men with an answer for the world.

And what a land we could build!

SOMETHING NEW IN SPORT

by R. W. RUSSELL

We could do with new games to play that would make the turnstiles click. And it's nice to think that importing them wouldn't cost Britain any dollars

HERE IS A SMALL ADVERTISEMENT that might conceivably appear in Britain one day:

"WANTED urgently. New idea for a popular sport. Must be something anyone can play but few play well. Essential that game should require the minimum of equipment. Handsome cash down payment and life income guaranteed to applicant who can satisfy these conditions."

Just consider a few hard facts. More money is being spent on sport than ever in our history. Supreme among big-money sports is football. Every Saturday during a normal season round about 9,000,000 people watch it. For seventy-five years—since the start of Cup matches in the seventies—no real rival to football as a mass-attracting sports event has emerged.

Yet in the nineteen-twenties several new sports made their appearance. Some of them had a short and hectic career. Some settled down to become accepted events which have attracted the crowds ever since. They all made money for the people who put them over.

And quite a few astute sports promoters are waiting with poised pens and open cheque books for the man who can show them how to put across other novel and enduring forms of sport.

Basketball Can Thrill

Here are some of the sports the public first came to know twenty years ago: Speedway racing; bicycle racing on a big scale; midget golf; highly-publicised table tennis; squash; ice-skating . . . and the dogs.

Where can we look for possible new sports? In the past Britain has exported games rather than imported them. Almost every nation in the world has adopted some of our games, adjusting the rules to suit national tastes and requirements. Now some of the sports of tomorrow may be imported instead.

First of all, American basketball might easily catch on in this country.

As played in the United States, it is vastly different from our schoolgirls' netball. It is a fast, thrilling game which is followed by 80,000,000 Americans every season. Total gates in the States are bigger for basketball than for boxing, football, baseball or racing.

U.S. Army basketball finals drew crowds to London's Albert Hall in 1945. Would the sport "take on" here as a permanency?

Can we popularize the game in this country? Basketball is played indoors, and is an ideal all-the-year-round evening sports event. It doesn't take up any more space than a tennis court, and both scoring and play are fast. No elaborate building is needed. Huge marquees in, for example, London's Olympia, would be perfectly satisfactory for a start.

British sports fans had a glimpse of the possible thrills of the game during the war, when more than 1,000 American Army basketball teams were playing in Britain alone. The finals between the sixteen best teams packed the Albert Hall in 1945. Basketball probably *is* the best bet for a new sport here.

Many attempts have been made to popularize American baseball in this country. A British Baseball Association was formed in 1905; international matches were played between England and Wales, but somehow the sport did not catch on.

Just before the war, an attempt was made to revive it. Matches were played at Stamford Bridge every Sunday, and the crowds were increasing when the war intervened.

Next, Australia may give us a new game. I am told that our Test players have been greatly intrigued by it. Its official name is "Australian Rules Football," but it is generally called "Rulers."

Played by teams of eighteen on a pitch 180 yards by 150 yards (against the maximum for a soccer ground of 130 by 100 yards), it is a combination of Rugby and Association football, eliminating the scrum and knock-on from the first and the offside rules from the second.

Both hands and feet are used to get the ball between the goalposts, of which there are four at each end. Between the outer, but not the inner, scores one point; between the inner, six points. This double goal system enables the weaker team to pull up by sheer hard work.

The Russians Play This

Another game, combining older versions, is Hazena, which comes from Czechoslovakia and is becoming popular in Eastern Europe. The Russians are introducing it now in schools and youth organizations. It is a combination of netball, soccer and hockey. The goal is a wide net hung on posts; the ball is bigger than in soccer. The rules are somewhat similar to soccer's, but scoring is done by hitting the heavy ball with a strong and rather vicious-looking stick.

Now sweeping Latin America, Pelota, an indoor game, is another "possible." Developed from an old Basque peasant game, it resembles squash, but instead of a racquet a wicker basket strapped to the wrist is used. The ball has to be kept in play against the forty-feet-high walls of the court.

British promoters are considering the possibility of bringing Pelota to Britain. They have seen that in South America Pelota players attract as much public admiration as bull-fight matadors and earn up to £400 a month.

Naturally, tomorrow's sport must not be considered merely from the viewpoint of whether a given event will attract masses of middle-aged men who come to watch but would not care to play.

Our sports standing in the world—admittedly not very high at the moment— can only be raised if we give our young people facilities to play what they like and want, and the opportunity of adequate reward if they manage to play the game well.

So while the public would make a financial success of any new sport that caught on, seriously-minded sportsmen hope that the future of sport will not be directed wholly from the ticket offices.

With my feet up ★ *by Ian Fox*

Preparing the Ground

IT WAS 9.30 A.M. AT "SEA VIEW." The Landlady's Daughter and the Daily Elp were cleaning the hall. The Permanent Boarder had gone off to work. The Landlady was answering letters.

"Dear Madam," she wrote, "My terms for a double room for yourself and husband, with a cot for the child, for the Whitsun holiday (Saturday to Tuesday morning) are six guineas per head. In the case of the child, I will reduce the guineas to pounds. Guests are respectfully requested to bring their own rations; otherwise I cannot guarantee that they will get anything to eat."

She sealed the letter and spoke to her daughter. "We must start rearranging the furniture for Whitsun," she said. "The first floor front is now six guineas per head. We'll put the flowered jug and basin from the Permanent's room in there because they will expect something for their money.

"The top back room is only three guineas, so we can take the carpet out of there and put it in No. 2; then the coconut matting from No. 2 can go in No. 4.

"The people who were in No. 3 at Easter complained that they had nothing to sit on except the bed, though what's wrong with the bed I don't know, except that it sags in the middle."

The Landlady turned to the Daily Elp.

"Now, Mrs. Whistle, take the armchair out of the Permanent's room and put it in No. 3. He only pays three guineas.

"No. 5 hasn't got a wardrobe, so we'll give him the chest of drawers from No. 4. After all, No. 4 can't expect the Ritz for his four and a half guineas, and he's got 'The Soul's Awakening' over the bed.

"And before you go, Mrs. Whistle, clean the attic window so if anyone asks why this is called 'Sea View' we can show them.

"There now, that's all arranged. And if those people take the first floor front I'm going to be completely full for Whitsun. So if any casual comes along over the holiday and wants a bed, he'll have to bunk in with the Permanent."

Basic English Makes Good

by DENNIS BARDENS

Utility furniture, utility clothes—and now utility English. Using a total of 850 words instead of the present 400,000, "Basic" may really enable nation to speak to nation

THE CIVIL APPROPRIATION ACCOUNTS, published recently, include an item of £23,000 paid by the British Council to the inventor of Basic English, C. K. Ogden, "in full and final settlement." The Government, it seems, has set its final seal of official approval on the use of Basic English as an international languge.

How does Basic English differ from the ordinary English which we speak, read and write? Why do we spend public money in teaching it to foreigners?

Basic is "pocket" English. It could even be called utility English, plain, but carefully made for most practical purposes. Everything that is not absolutely essential has been cut away, to such an extent that it seems almost too simple.

Its complete vocabulary—a mere 850 words, compared with the 414,825 words to be found in the Oxford English Dictionary—can be written on the back of a sheet of paper, and, together with the general theory of using them, can be mastered in a month. In fact, seventeen Danes were able to broadcast quite freely in Basic English after only sixty hours of study.

Rebel Against Orthodoxy

Ogden is a short, grey-haired man with ill-fitting clothes, a dislike of noise, and a horror of publicity. Although once described as the shyest of Cambridge dons, he was, in fact, a rebel with an openly expressed contempt for orthodox education and a distrust of dogmatic religion.

While a Fellow at Magdalene College he grumbled at the amount of time wasted, as he thought, in learning "dead" languages. Even English, he declared, was much too complex. And to prove the point he and another Fellow, Dr. Ivor Richards, decided to simplify the language.

They meant it, originally, as an intellectual exercise. As the work progressed, however, they found that by eliminating unnecessary words and cutting out certain complexities of grammar (and by formulating new rules of their own for making sentences from their very limited word list) they had evolved a new language system.

It took from 1922 until 1932 to perfect, but except for fifty words, added later, Basic English made its debut in 1930.

One important discovery was that verbs were almost unnecessary. As verbs make the action in a sentence, this seems fantastic—but, of 4,000 verbs in the dictionary, only eighteen have been retained.

How is this possible?

By a happy chance, most English verbs can be expressed some other way.

The verb "climb" can be quite clearly expressed by two other words needed for innumerable other purposes—"go" and "up." To "go up" a ladder is a perfectly sensible way of saying that you climb it. "Climb," then, can be dispensed with. So can hundreds of other verbs. Action in Basic English is expressed by using any of a hundred words called operators, which, linked with other words, describe meaning.

"Give" is an operator, enabling dozens of verbs to be dispensed with. Basic English doesn't include "consider," which can be "give thought to." "Yield" is an unnecessary word, since "give up" serves as well.

This whittling down of the English language could not, of course, be done haphazardly. No word could be discarded if it were (a) necessary for ordinary purposes and (b) incapable of being conveyed by other words. Nor could a word be included in the Basic English vocabulary until a real attempt had been made to achieve the same meaning some other way.

As Bernard Shaw has said, this involved Ogden in "years of tedious labour, for which he deserves a peerage and a princely pension." At the end of this drudgery, a new international language was ready for launching.

For years the possibility of an international language has been explored in countless ways. The need for it can hardly be disputed, and the arguments in favour of English as a world language—especially in a simplified form—are impressive.

Most Widely Used Language

English is already the business and administrative language of the governments of 600 million people. It is the most widely used of all languages. It is taught in all great countries. Yet of a world population of 2,174 million, only 200 million can speak, write and read it with any degree of comfort, if one excludes the millions of Asiatics who speak "pidgin" English.

At the earliest committee meetings of the United Nations in London, it was depressing to see the time taken up by translating and re-translating. A speaker would talk in his native tongue. The translator would repeat, in English. Another would repeat, in French. Every detail of procedure took three times as much time as it might, and even then there were some delegates who could understand neither English nor French.

Meanwhile, the world is a Tower of Babel, echoing to the clamour of 1,500 conflicting tongues—and a seemingly unbridgeable gulf separates Asia's 1,155 million people from the life and thought of the Western world. Radio and air transport have shortened distance; a common language which ordinary people everywhere can learn becomes an urgent need.

Esperanto—and All That

Since Esperanto was invented in 1887, nearly 200 attempts have been made to coin a world language, including Ido, Occidental, Novial and, more recently, Interglossa, a compound of Greek, Latin and scientific terms. Personally, I would need a lot of convincing before I tried to learn a "synthetic" language. The time and trouble would hardly be repaid by the small prospect of meeting somebody else who could speak it. They exist, of course, but there aren't enough to go round.

I have not forgotten a member of the Malmoe Co-operative Society who, in Sweden last year, asked me if I spoke Esperanto. I said I didn't, and it struck me, as I noted his crestfallen response, that he must be a very lonely man. I would not like to be an Esperantist asking my way about in a London Tube.

The man who speaks Basic English, however, will find people who can understand him wherever he goes in the world. "Basic" is not a substitute for ordinary English, nor can it ever be. It is like travelling light on holiday; you take only enough things with you, but you are independent of outside help.

Basic English has sometimes been denounced as an over-simplication, and a threat to the

25 "THEN the kingdom of heaven will be like ten 1
young women, the friends of the bride, who took
their lights, and went out with the purpose of
meeting the husband. And five of them were foolish, 2
and five were wise. For the foolish, when they took 3
their lights, took no oil with them. But the wise took 4
oil in their vessels with their lights. Now the husband 5
was a long time in coming, and they all went to sleep.
But in the middle of the night there is a cry, 'The 6
husband comes! Go out to him.' Then all those young 7
women got up, and made ready their lights. And the 8
foolish said to the wise, 'Give us of your oil; for our
lights are going out'. But the wise made answer, saying, 9
'There may not be enough for us and you; it would be
better for you to go to the traders, and get oil for
yourselves'. And while they went to get oil, the master 10
came; and those who were ready went in with him to the
feast: and the door was shut. After that the others came, 11
saying, 'Lord, Lord, let us in'. But he made answer and 12
said, 'Truly I say to you, I have no knowledge of you'.
Keep watch, then, because you are not certain of the day 13
or of the hour.

Parable of the Virgins (Matthew 25, 1-13) translated into Basic English. Some of the obscure passages in the Authorized Version gain in clarity

as I was saying

STALLS OR GALLERY?

by HERBERT HODGE

IT'S ODD HOW SOMEONE'S chance remark—which you may strongly disagree with at the time—will sometimes come smashing back at you in later life with all the force of a profound truth.

At least, I think it's odd—perhaps because, in my younger days, I was more of a fool than most. Every year I'm surprised to discover what a fool I was the year before. So perhaps it takes as long for me to see a truth as it takes some people to see a joke.

The other day, for instance, I suddenly remembered what a commissionaire said to me in 1933. One evening, in that year, I picked up a man in my cab and took him to the Dogs. When I got there, he ordered me to drive in at what was evidently a private entrance for important persons, and asked me to wait for him until the racing was over.

While I was waiting, I got into conversation with the commissionaire at the door. He told me the name and official position of my passenger—which a taxidriver likes to know in cases like that, just to be sure the money's all right. Then he suggested I might as well go in and see the races.

"As you're driving *him*," he said, looking me up and down, "you can go anywhere you like. But I expect *you*'ll feel happier in the cheap part."

This I regarded as an insult. But I thanked him, and walked into the most expensive part.

Yet now, in this year of 1947, I have suddenly realized how right he was. Not about the Dogs, in particular—which don't interest me much, anyway—but about most places where people get together. I nearly always do feel happier in the cheap part.

For some years now, I've been fairly free to choose between all parts. I've been leading a sort of double life—spending part of my time doing some kind of manual work, and part of my time doing literary work.

To my mind, it's the ideal way to live—though, of course, it isn't the way to make money and provide for your old age. Specialization is the way to do that. I shall probably end up in a home for the aged poor. But I shall have some very pleasant memories to take there with me.

Up and Down the Social Scale

One of the more interesting things about this sort of life is that it enables you to slide easily up and down the social scale. You can see life's show from both the stalls and the gallery.

When I spoke with the commissionaire in 1933, I hadn't had this experience. Up to that time, I'd only seen life from the gallery. I felt certain everything was better in the stalls. Now that I've tried it, I'm not so sure. You certainly get a more comfortable seat in the stalls—for about five times the money—but you don't get anything like five times the entertainment.

What set me thinking about all this was a reader harking back to that "guilty" feeling I said I had in the States, when I thought about the people with so little to eat back home. He wants to know if I feel equally guilty when I have a meal in an expensive West End restaurant, and think of the people who can't afford those prices.

No, I don't feel a bit guilty. When I'm eating in one of those high-class restaurants, I think of the house-charges, the cover-charges and the rest; and the fact that I can't even go into the "Gents" without a chap coming after me with a clothes brush and a "money or your life" look in his eye. And then I look at the food in front of me, and think of the cabmen's cafe round the corner where I could get something just as good for a couple of bob. And I feel a bit of a mug.

The fact is, of course, that it isn't the food you pay for in the fashionable restaurant. You pay for the privilege of eating there; the privilege and the palaver. If you like palaver, you probably get good value for your money. But I don't. All I want is food. So I prefer the "serve yourself" cafe.

Not All It's Cracked Up to Be

I feel much the same about most of the pleasures of the well-to-do. The gay life of the "man-about-town" isn't half as gay as it's cracked up to be—especially in these days of heavy taxation and rationing. Nor is his home life. The wage-earner who marries a good cook has a much gayer time.

Think of the many rich men who can't get servants nowadays and whose wives can't cook! I'm not in the habit of feeling sorry for the rich, but I can't help feeling sorry for a man whose wife can't cook.

Then there's another thing I've discovered. The higher you go, the more "exclusive" the society you frequent, the colder the atmosphere becomes. Or, at least, that's how it seems to me. I always feel warmer down below.

Not that I think the crowd below contains any better people than the smaller group above. I know both groups well enough to know that any such distinction is nonsense. But I do think the crowd in the cheaper part enjoys life more—gets more savour, more flavour, out of it.

When I was in Birmingham, a few months ago, I was taken to a cheap dance hall. Tea for two cost me a shilling; other prices were in proportion.

There was something tremendously good about that dance hall. It sticks in my mind as one of those completely rounded pictures of happiness. Every person there seemed to be having such a good time that the whole crowd gave out a great surge of happiness—which caught you up as soon as you entered, and made you part of it. I've never felt anything like that in one of the expensive, "exclusive" places.

But, knowing how I should have sneered at this sort of talk before I had the opportunity to make comparisons for myself, I don't expect anyone who hasn't tried the more expensive sort of life to believe it.

And after all, perhaps the person who doesn't believe it is really getting the best of both worlds. He (or she) can experience all the real pleasures of the poor, at the cheap dance hall, on one evening; and then enjoy all the fictitious pleasures of the rich, at the cinema, the next. Which, I suppose, is the nearest thing to perfect bliss that anyone could hope for.

★ ★ ★ **Herbert Hodge gets a human angle on life each week**

Continued from previous page

"richness" of our tongue. I cannot see it; it is meant primarily for those who have not the capacity or the time to learn ordinary English, which is extraordinarily difficult for foreigners to grasp. The system has been endorsed by such writers as Bernard Shaw, Winston Churchill and H. G. Wells.

Winston Churchill — who certainly knows something about forthright prose—appointed a Committee to investigate the possibilities of Basic English in 1944. The Committee found that it had proved successful in Denmark, Germany, Czechoslovakia and Rumania and had, with the help of the Rockefeller Institute, percolated far into China. It was spreading in India—the *Times of India* even printed its headlines in Basic. In Africa, Lord Hailey thought that Basic English was the only way of reaching the masses of coloured people.

As a result of this report, the British Council was encouraged to teach Basic English in institutes throughout the world. The B.B.C. made experimental broadcasts. All sorts of books by internationally-known authors have been translated. Even the New Testament was rewritten in this simplified English. The lack of verbs was a handicap, but some portions which are obscure in the Authorized Version actually gained in clarity by translation into Basic English.

The Critics of "Basic"

The scheme, naturally, has had its critics. G. M. Young, of the Society for the Protection of English, had called it "a system of dodges to avoid the difficulties of acquisition." The *Manchester Guardian* thinks it "an aspiring but inadequate lingo," while Professor Launcelot Hogben, inventor of the rival language, Interglossa, has said that Basic English "would have as much chance of surviving as an asbestos cat in hell."

It is too easily forgotten, however, that for a foreigner to learn normal English involves prodigious feats of memory. The phonetics alone are crazy enough. A Peruvian tears his hair when he is asked to remember that *tough, through, dough* sound quite differently, though they look the same, or that Cholmondeley rhymes with comely. Basic, it is claimed, can be learned by millions who could not learn by the normal method. Most Oriental people are utterly bewildered by our huge vocabulary, insane spelling and complex grammar.

Its adoption by the Civil Service might be an advantage. Churchill tried hard to break down the wordiness of official language, but with little success. Basic has no room for pompous phrases.

Shaw has said, with truth, that the Chinese coolie refusing a request with "Sorry, no can," speaks better English (in less time) than the businessman who says "I regret to inform you that I am unable to comply with your request."

More Benefits than Snags

The main arguments *against* Basic English are that a student trained to use no more than the stipulated 850 words will be unable to understand a person who speaks ordinary English. But surely anyone who has mastered the basic vocabulary will detect new words and ask their meaning; in this sense Basic can be, a stepping-stone to full, or ordinary, English.

A bigger drawback is that when the works of great writers are translated into Basic, their individuality is lost.

On the whole, the advantages far outweigh the snags. Basic English is not perfect, nor can any international language ever be. Yet nobody, so far, has thought of anything more practical or easier to learn.

The nations can certainly use a language that may help them to understand each other a little better.

'TIFF' OF THE INVERTED FEATHERS

by ALEKO LILIUS

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD SEARLE

Her eyes flashed. "If that bird were trained, it would be the world's best fighting cock," she said

Ah Lee first thought the cockerel was the Devil's own idea of a practical joke. Its paternity was doubtful, its appearance unfortunate. But he knew a good proposition when he saw one

THERE WAS BAD BLOOD between Ah Lee, my Chinese cook, and Tita, the cherry-eyed, hard-working Filipina *lavandera*. The feud was of long standing. Ah Lee always managed to have a few of his relatives —sons, nephews or uncles—sitting in the kitchen around meal time. It seemed that in accepting his services I had also contracted to feed all his clan — a time-honoured oriental custom.

But when he tried to sneak their dirty clothes into my laundry bag for Tita to wash, she loudly protested. That I forcefully sustained her objections did not help to smooth matters between them.

The feud reached its climax just before the typhoon, the worst Manila ever experienced. Tita had been sniffing the air for a couple of days before the Big Wind struck.

"*Baguio*, typhoon, in two days," she predicted.

Immediately Ah Lee pronounced her a witch, gifted with all the unholy powers of Satan's handmaidens. Tita, being a devout Catholic, resented this.

I was then occupying a house on the north bank of the Pasig River, just back of the church. Like most Philippine residential dwellings, mine was built on pillars—cellars are unknown in the Islands —to keep snakes, dogs, pigs and high water away from the door.

When the typhoon struck, the river rose and it ran clear through the lower part of the building where I kept my incubators, garden tools and odds and ends. It took away my garden and it took away my poultry yard with its highly prized Rhode Island Reds, and it drowned all my ducklings. Much to Ah Lee's annoyance I had had a few setting hens moved in pails and boxes into the kitchen, where they occupied what little room was not taken up by Ah Lee's numerous relations.

The typhoon struck us with terrific force. It tore away half of my roof and we expected that any moment the house would crumble and float away. Tita was mumbling prayers to her patron saint for the safety of us all, including Ah Lee, but he was convinced that all she was doing was just another mumbo-jumbo act.

"She bling *baguio*, see," he moaned. "Now she makee bad luck, see. You watch, master, you watch."

On the third day, the storm finally over, we surveyed the damage. It was appalling. The few fowls that had miraculously survived were picked off the neighbouring housetops and trees and finally brought under control. My hope for a fresh start in the chicken business rested with the setting hens we had rescued. But the birds bitterly disappointed me. Of all those eggs, only one came to life.

But what a chick it was! I had never seen its like.

For one thing it was small and hellishly active almost from the very moment it broke through its shell and said its first *peep*. Besides, it looked like something out of this world, ungainly and in some way out of shape, and its down was strangely coarse and a dirty black. So far as one could judge, it was no relation to the rest of my blooded fowl.

Now there was a puzzle; I thought that I had had things like that under strict control. Ah Lee was in favour of killing it at once, insisting that this, too, was Tita's doing and that the chick was the Devil's own idea of a practical joke.

It almost looked that way.

As the chick grew up, the most remarkable transformation took place in its appearance: its feathers grew upside down, or downside up—concave, if you like. One always had the impression that a strong tail-wind was ruffling them. Tita, however, had her own explanation for this—the bird had been born during the Big Wind, hence the mix-up.

When the chick developed a manly comb we named him "Typhoon"—"Tiff" for short. Ah Lee pronounced it "Tip."

AT first the other chickens were puzzled, and that apparently made "Tiff" mad. He fought everybody. He fought every new chicken I bought, and he fought all the hens. Once he fought a mouse, and he chased the house cat, but when he tried to beat hell out of his own mother he got a good licking. But in another month he was strong enough to lick her, too. And then he went after the big, new Rhode Island rooster. He chased him all over the yard until he got tired, stopped in the centre of the yard and crowed victoriously.

"Master, watch out," Ah Lee warned. "He soon kill all roosters. Better chop his head off and eat him now."

Tita stopped pounding my trousers and wiped soapsuds off her arms. Her eyes flashed.

"If that bird were trained, it would be the world's best fighting cock," she said. "You's make a fortune, master."

Ah Lee heard her.

"Watch out for the witch, master," he screamed. "Watch out, no makee bird fight. You lose fortune, see." And they almost came to blows.

Yet that laundress had put a bee in my bonnet. I had heard, of course, that cockfighting was an exciting game—personally I knew nothing about it—and an interesting way of making easy money. Like horse betting, I was told. Now then, here I had a cock with all the makings of a good fighter, yet—it had to be trained. Surely, somewhere in the Philippines, where cockfighting was not only legal but an important Sunday afternoon industry, there was someone who knew the tricks of training.

Then Tita suddenly spoke up and declared herself a good trainer. Had she not trained every one of her father's best fighting cocks? And they had been good fighters. So I told her to go ahead.

Now, in training fighting cocks there

are many professional secrets. Some she inherited from her father and would never tell to me. Yet I learned that there are cocks that can fight only during certain months, weeks or days even, to win.

Others, because of the position of their ears or the colours of their feathers, must be brought to the cockpit in the first quarter of the moon only.

If the cock slept with his foot hidden under his wing, it was a sure sign that he would be a loser. Nevertheless, should the same cock crow the moment he was released in the ring, nothing could stop him from winning.

Tita put that scrapping bunch of inverted feathers on a diet of her own invention, and I have an idea that raw meat and strong onions were a part of it. Had anyone told me that she fed him red pepper and snake meat, I would have believed him, because he was always whipping mad and even flew at her the moment she entered the yard. As Ah Lee had predicted, he killed my best rooster. I hurriedly built a special pen for him.

Tita gave the bird a bath every day, and in the morning, just before sunrise, she massaged his muscles with wine. After a few weeks I had to get him sparring partners so he could get a practice bout almost every afternoon, and that ran into money.

He killed them all, and never before had I eaten so much chicken. Ah Lee, too, was exhausted from inventing dishes to disguise their origin. His hatred for the rooster soon knew no bounds; twice I caught him, a big knife in his hand, suspiciously near "Tiff's" pen.

One day Tita declared that "Tiff" was ready for his first professional fight, but she would not yet pit him against any bird in Manilla. A few preliminaries in the small-town pits were what he needed before taking on big-time fights in Manila. So we took the bird and drove to a distant town where we knew we would have no difficulty pitting "Tiff" against professionals.

In those days almost every town in the archipelago had a cockpit. Some arenas were made of wood, and one or two around Manila of stone, but the typical cockpit in the country was a haphazard affair of bamboo.

So from now on, every Sunday we made a trip into the country. We went to Batangas, where "Tiff" won his first victory over a beautiful white cock. It netted me forty pesos. Then on successive Sundays we went to Santa Cruz, Atimonan, Mauban, Sta. Maria and Los Banos—all towns south of Manila. Then we toured the north. I made a small fortune in San Fernando and was all for going to Vigan when Tita declared a halt.

"The darling bird is getting tired," she announced. "He must be rejuvenated."

So we decided to give him a well-deserved rest and to rejuvenate him. First we brought him hens from our own yard. He was only mildly interested. We got him fancy fowls of various breeds and sizes. Not much soap there, either.

Then one day Ah Lee brought back from the market a live chicken for *fricassee*—it had been weeks now since we had touched the flesh of a sparring partner.

As he was carrying the bird to the back yard to chop off its head, "Tiff" saw her, vigorously flapped his wings and crowed. We had no chicken dinner that night.

The little lady that had once been white was now dirty and miserable; her comb was askew, and one leg seemed shorter than the other. But "Tiff" liked her—and that was that.

The next day she laid an egg.

"Watch out, master." Ah Lee was by my side again. "This is mo' of Tita's black magic. Watch out."

The hen laid twenty more and decided to sit on them. And in a couple of weeks we were again touring the countryside, making money hand over fist. This row of constant victories, unheard of in the world of cock fighting, brought fame to the "cock of the inverted feathers," as the referee always announced him.

Yet, every Sunday evening, our grand but funny-looking fighter could not wait to get home to his lady love, patiently sitting on her future brood, waiting for her fighting man to come home with the laurels.

Then tragedy struck. It struck us in the midst of our triumph, when we were just getting ready for the big-time fights in Manila.

"Tiff" lost a fight.

To a fighting cock one lost fight is not only enough—it's fatal. It snuffed out his career, his life, and almost all my winnings. Yet we did not eat him for supper that night, but gave him a decent cremation on the beach of Atimonan, the scene of his last gallant fight.

Tita cried bitter tears over his aromatically smouldering remains because, after all, chicken is chicken. However, back in Manila the place seemed empty without "Tiff." Even Ah Lee walked on tip-toe in the presence of my great sorrow.

I missed "Tiff's" gay challenge in the dawn's early light. I missed the sharp flap-flap of his wings. I missed his funny little ruffled person strutting proudly in the sun and clucking to his setting mistress to share his breakfast with him. Life was not the same without him. He had been such a good provider.

I could not stand the presence of the sadly clucking hen, so lonesome now after her man's demise. For once Ah Lee was sympathetic.

"Ah Lee," I said. "Take away the hen, please."

Ah Lee gently carried the box with the hen and her eggs out of my sight.

Then a near-tragedy struck. Ah Lee gave notice, took his pay and left. To me, the only consolation was that his brood and all his relatives went with him. Yet he had been a good cook.

Some months later I visited a sugar planter, and that Sunday afternoon, as we were strolling through the neighbouring town, we saw a crowd moving in the direction of the local cockpit. My host suggested a look-see. My first impulse was to decline—the memory of "Tiff" was still lingering with me. However, we went.

"There is the favourite. Never lost a fight—yet," said the planter. I thought of "Tiff" and only wished that I had him there. Now there had been a bird that no one would have dared to. . . .

I could hardly believe my eyes. I saw a bird, a cocky, dirty-coloured one, with all the earmarks of a born winner, *and all his feathers inverted!* So help me—the spitting image of old "Tiff."

"Whose bird is this?" I asked, all excited.

"Some Chinaman, I think," answered my host. I saw the owner, and ran down to him.

"Ah Lee, you old scoundrel. Where did you get the bird?"

"You gave them to me, master. All of them."

"I did?"

"Sure, master," he insisted. "You tell me, 'Ah Lee, takee away the hen.' I takee away the hen—with her eggs. All the man-eggs, see, many good fighters. All fight. Fight many places, evelywhere. My sons, my blothels and nephews go this town today, another tomollow, makee much money. Many lelatives, plenty blessing, master. See?"

Yes, I saw, and Ah Lee smiled. Then he proudly lifted the son of "Tiff," so eager to get into the scrap that he was shaking with excitement. As I tried to stroke his head, he took a chunk out of my finger.

"Me call him Ah Lee Tip, see? You make bet?"

"You go to hell," I said and walked away, nursing my bleeding hand.

Then I stopped, turned—and bet every cent I had on Ah Lee Tip.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Target for Tomorrow

Many people have said to me in recent weeks that there is no longer any purpose in life. They assert that nothing means anything any more, that there is no "horizon," as they call it.

"When the war was on," they say, "there was at least the knowledge that it would one day come to an end. Now—well, we don't know what will happen."

Now this seems to me the height of loose thinking, the limit in spinelessness.

There is as much purpose in life as there ever was, as much to be done, as much to be discovered, as much to be planned and achieved. There is, in fact, much more.

* * *

Life has more purpose than it ever had. There is a world to be set straight and got running smoothly again: and not only that, it has got to run on better lines than were ever thought of before.

And if that isn't a full-sized, whole-time job I'd like to know what is.

As to there being no horizon, the answer to that is simple, too. There never was any real horizon that a man didn't make for himself. The real horizon for any man is the amount he intends to achieve. What has the general messiness of the world today to do with that?

* * *

We all have our jobs, and we all have our own determination. Our task is to apply the determination to the job and see it through to the best of our ability.

I strongly suspect that what is fundamentally wrong today is our unwillingness to expend our energies to the full. We think we have earned a rest. We want a soft life as some sort of reward for all we have been through.

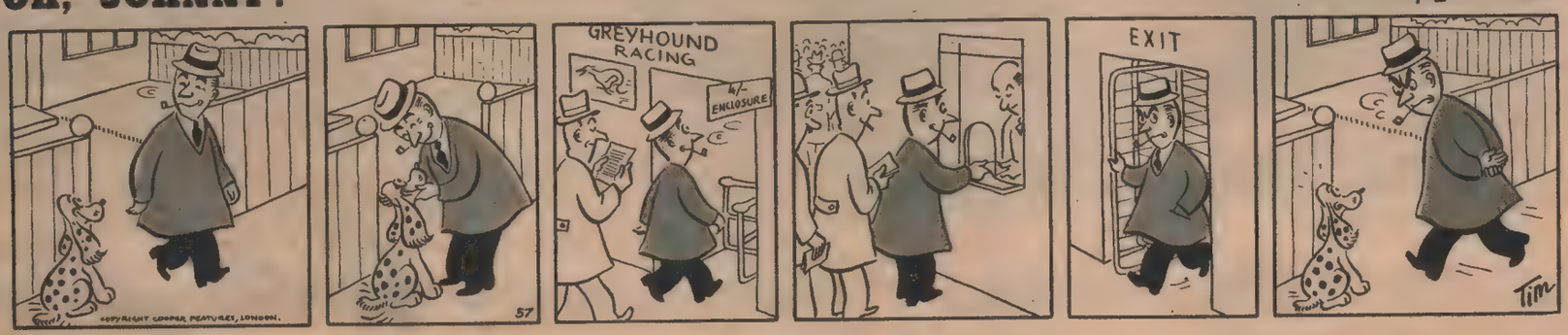
All very nice: all very desirable: but, unfortunately, life isn't made that way.

Life never gives freely. Life awards and rewards.

If you want to know what purpose life holds today I can tell you. It is the same as it has always been—the rewards go to the man who knows what he wants and is prepared to work for it.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



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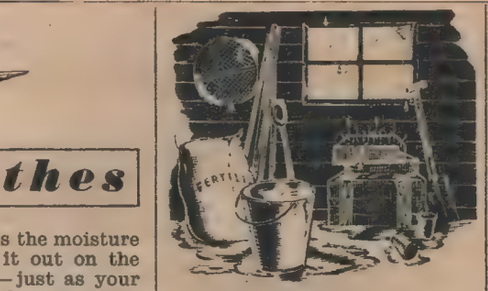

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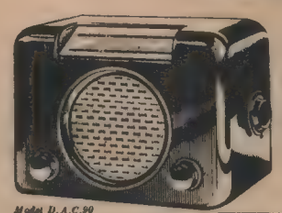

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"I don't worry about Backache, I take Doan's"

TESTED JB DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

NO need to use harmful bleaches or harsh soaps to get your whites whiter than ever before. Let Oxydol's rich, pure and speedy lather *ease* the dirt out—safely!

Remember! Oxydol's mountains of long-lasting, busy suds contain *no bleach of any kind.*

And because Oxydol is gentle in action clothes last longer, delicate things are protected and coloureds keep bright and sparkling wash after wash.

OXYDOL

ITS EXTRA LATHER DOES IT!

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

THE STORY OF THE HOUR - THE BURNING TOPIC OF THE MOMENT - THE GREATEST HUSH-HUSH SECRET OF ALL TIME !!
THE BEGINNING OR THE END
Brian DONLEVY
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Tom DRAKE • Beverly TYLER • Audrey TOTTER • Hume CRONYN

FREE SPEECH

THE GREAT DISPOSSESSED

WANTING TO ECONOMIZE, because I simply cannot afford tobacco at 3s. 4d. an oz., I stopped smoking altogether. Now, after a few weeks without a cigarette or a pipe in my mouth, I have lost all desire to smoke.

But I shall have to start again—I have never been so hungry before. Even smoking is going to be cheaper than buying all the extra food I need.

Possibly, if I could get more sweets, or something to chew, my appetite would wane. — W. WALLACE, River Meads Avenue, Twickenham, Middlesex.

"Twenty? Certainly, Sir"

THE INCREASED PRICE of tobacco has had one good result. When I buy my cigarettes, my tobacconist smiles sweetly

"... my tobacconist smiles sweetly"

and addresses me as "Sir." He hasn't done that for five years.—S. PARKER, 120a Belsize Road, London, N.W.6.

No Thanks for the Memory

HAVING DECIDED TO GIVE UP smoking, I bought my JOHN BULL the other day and settled down to banish those nicotine blues with half an hour's reading.

Imagine the effect on my nervous system when I turned to Priestley's page and saw a picture of the author puffing luxuriously at his pipe. Hastily, I turned back a few pages to read Capt. Liddell Hart. Horror upon horrors—he had a pipe, too. I turned over and was greeted with a picture of British Servicemen who appeared to be enjoying a "break for smoking." I went round to the tobacconist.—FRANK KENLEY, 4 Redesdale Street, Chelsea, London, S.W.3.

Look at it Like This . . .

AFTER CAREFUL CONSIDERATION I have decided that the Budget increase in the tobacco duty has compensating advantages, for it has hit several groups who have been asking for it for years:

(1) The makers of all the phoney brands of cigarettes, who have been passing off what have seemed to be street-sweepings and sawdust as tobacco, and who will now, I sincerely hope, go bankrupt.

(2) The Government; for *I* shall undoubtedly go bankrupt, and then they will get no more income tax out of me.

(3) My wife and my boss; for I have been in a filthy mood ever since I started cutting down—and it serves them right. —E. JAPES, 21 River Court, Taplow, Bucks.

. . . Or Tackle it Like This

SOME COUNTRY PEOPLE have been able to laugh at Dr. Dalton. They know that fern mould, found by the hundredweight in open spaces, smokes reasonably well in a pipe.

It is not equal to the best Virginian but, properly dried, a pipeful lasts a quarter of an hour.—G. J. WILLIAMS, 62 Ewenny Road, Bridgend, Glamorgan.

*** It is five weeks since Dr. Dalton's axe fell on smoking. Analysis of the hundreds of readers' letters to JOHN BULL—they are still coming in—shows that in the first week ten per cent of our correspondents stopped smoking completely; eighty-eight per cent decided to cut down drastically; two per cent said they were going to economize in other directions. Judging from later letters, two out of every three who decided to economize have fallen away from their self-imposed standards.—EDITOR.

Welcome to a Child

IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS we who live deep in the country have been enjoying the splendour and beauty of spring. I have been thinking of those little children who live in the heart of London and other big cities and who can never see the country.

I would gladly welcome such a child into my home, without payment, during school holidays.—K. STINCHCOMBE, Hamstead Marshall, near Newbury, Berks.

Lead from Leicester

DENNIS BARDENS, in his article, "No One to Look After Them" (JOHN BULL, April 19), points out how essential it is for children's day nurseries to continue.

He will be pleased to hear that a factory in Leicester undertakes not only to look after the children of women workers but to do the shopping for the mothers as well. The managing director of the firm is a woman.—S. G. LILLEY, Delancey, St. Sampson's, Guernsey, Channel Islands.

These two paintings hang in the Royal Academy Exhibition. Recognize them?

John Bull's Covers

GOING OVER THE ROYAL ACADEMY exhibition of new paintings this week, I was surprised to see two which seemed familiar. On wracking my brains as to where I could have seen them, I realized that they had both appeared on the covers of JOHN BULL.

Thank you for introducing us to such excellent examples of modern art.—A. M. T. JACKSON, Belleville, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

*** This reader is correct. Of the two Royal Academy pictures reproduced on this page, one, by A. R. Thomson, R.A., shows his daughter Mary, who gives the impression of following in her father's footsteps. It appeared on JOHN BULL's cover on March 22. The other (November 23) is M. B. Critchlow's painting of his two sons, David and Keith, concentrating over a game of chess (their father prefers less intellectual games). The same boys, incidentally, also appeared in Critchlow's JOHN BULL cover on April 26.—EDITOR.

No Place for the Weary

ELKAN ALLAN, describing the radio innovation, Frequency Modulation, (JOHN BULL, April 19) says: "The Church would be able to have its own spot on the dial where the tired listener might always be certain of comfort and peace."

I protest. The Church's gospel is not soothing syrup. Christ came, as He said, not to bring peace but a sword, that is to say, not quiescence but aggressive action.

As for the tired listener, the Church cannot begin its real work until that tiredness is cured. We have no more place for the tired than has industry or the Services.

The life of strenuous prayer, of enthusiastic social service, of heroic missionary endeavour, of deep study, of the promotion of virtue and the casting out of devils—all this calls for grit, not somnolence.—REV. W. G. O'CONNOR, 59 Yoxall Avenue, Hartshill, Stoke-on-Trent.

Preview in Print

WHEN THERE WERE silent pictures I used to go to the cinema four times a week. It was a great blow to me when the talkies came, as I am stone deaf.

Would it not be possible for the film companies to print the story of a film in book form—keeping closely to the dialogue—so that the deaf could read it before seeing the film?

The book could be on sale at local cinemas the week before the film was shown.—MRS. JEAN CRANMER, 71 Thistle Street, Glasgow C.5.

Shakespeare, Anti-Semite?

CONSIDERING THE PRESENT position in Palestine and the anti-Jewish feeling it causes does the Ministry of Education think it right for *The Merchant of Venice* to continue to be chosen for study in the schools?

Surely this play has long been responsible for anti-Jewish feeling.—WM. GILLESPIE, 12 Cappy Street, Ravenhill Road, Belfast.

Nurses' Uniforms

OUR COUNTRY NEEDS NURSES. Wages, hours and leisure will all have to be improved, but it is even more important to provide all nurses with a really smart uniform for walking out.

The women's services during the war showed what could be done by making use of clothes psychology. I am an ex-nurse.—MRS. N. PLEVE, Tynicot, Ambleside Avenue, Peacehaven, Sussex.

Warriors' Perms

MY HAIRDRESSER tells me he is doing a good business in giving perms to men customers. I have confirmed this elsewhere.

Apparently requests for perms do not come from effeminate young men but often from hardened warriors back from the heaviest campaigns of the war. Queer, isn't it?—E. HUMPHREYS, 28 Weston Street, Birmingham 7.

★ LETTERS *intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

JOHN BULL QUIZ

CRICKET

(1) What is the origin of the term "the Ashes"? (2) In 1900 the champion county owed much of its success to the bowling of Rhodes, Haigh and Hirst; which was the county? (3) Between the two world wars three rules were changed, all to the benefit of bowlers; what was their effect? (4) What are googlies; yorkers? (5) What was the cause of the controversy over D. R. Jardine's captaincy of England in Australia, 1932-33?

ARITHMETIC

(1) How many noughts are used in writing an English billion? (2) What is the difference between two square inches and two inches square? (3) What is the simplest way of multiplying by 25? (4) Why is "10" the basis of our numerical system? (5) When is a fraction "improper"?

PALESTINE

(1) What is the name of the Jewish "Home Guard"; of the terrorist "National Military Organization"? (2) On what documents do the Jews base their claim to the country? (3) What are the names of the negotiating bodies of the Jews and of the Arabs? (4) Who was Theodor Herzl? (5) How many Jews from Europe has President Truman publicly asked to be admitted immediately into the country?

RULES OF PROCEDURE

(1) When should minutes be signed, and by whom? (2) What are undebatable motions? (3) What is the difference between a motion carried unanimously and one carried "nem. con."? (4) How does one propose that discussion of a motion be postponed indefinitely? (5) When an amendment is moved to an amendment, which is voted on first—the motion, the amendment, or the amendment to the amendment?

THE MOON

(1) How was it found that the highest mountain on the moon is 26,291 feet high? (2) Which way does the new moon point? (3) Why are spring tides greater than neap tides? (4) No human eye has ever seen all sides of the moon; why? (5) What is the origin of the word "lunacy"?

(Answers on page 22)

BATHING, boating, fishing, dancing—there is scarcely a limit to the attractions awaiting holidaymakers at Bournemouth; no wonder it is chosen by many who win a seaside holiday for two with a *Bullet*.

As a Seaside Holiday winner, you will be offered, with your cheque, a choice of Bournemouth, Blackpool, Prestatyn and other famous resorts, but if you enter the best *Bullet* of this Contest, your reward will be £300 and a Free Holiday in Switzerland for Two. Seaside or Switzerland, the time for you to win your *Bullets* Holiday is *now*, on your coupon below.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces, half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated June 14, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

How to Make a *Bullet*

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet*.

£300 FIRST PRIZE and 10-day SWISS HOLIDAY FOR TWO

Second £50
Third £25
3 of £10
5 cash prizes above, each plus
SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO
6 HOLIDAY CHEQUES £5
50 SEASON TICKETS
1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

BRITAIN'S VISITORS WORK OR WANT
THE GOOD EARTH TO TELL THE TRUTH
THIS SUMMER IN AUSTERITY'S DESERT
JOY TO BEHOLD ONE FINE DAY
GUIDE TO THE FUTURE SOLID ACHIEVEMENT
IT ISN'T EASY, BUT OFF TO THE SEASIDE
SO FAR SHATTERED IN A LITTLE BUNDLE
SCORED A BULL'S-EYE WILY BIRD
DAD'S GIVEN UP SMOKING, SO LIKE A MACHINE
AT OUR VILLAGE FETE

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions.

TO MAKE.....
WHAT MOTHER.....
SAVED A.....
NICE AND.....
HAD TO BE.....
"I DON'T.....IT!"

"BULLETS" 1,575 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus Swiss Holiday: Miss A. Putson, 3 Cross Lane, Whiston, near Prescott, Lancs:
Doesn't Want Strike But Dislikes Foreman's Moustache!

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Seaside Holiday: F. Davies, 198 Gladstone Street, St. Helens: **Cost Of Living—In *Hopes*, No Dearer.**

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: A. T. Clark, 20 Derby Street, Weymouth: **Treat For Grandma — Occasionally — *Parents* Mind Baby!**

THREE PRIZES of £10 plus Seaside Holiday: A. Goundry, Wilsford, Grantham: **Peaceful World —Our Globe—Of Goldfish!** J. Heckles, 121 Colling Avenue, Seaham: **Lesson For Fritz—Also "Imposition" For Taxpayers.** F. Swindells, 14 Fernley Road, Stockport: **Example To Be Proud Of—Mumbles Men—Humbles Me.**

SIX PRIZES of £5: J. Bourn, 36 Church Street, Lancaster: **Lad To Be Proud Of—Clean *Between* Ears, Too.** C. H. Carter, 19 Norton Avenue, Cardiff: **Herculean Effort—Or Clothed Like Hercules!** Mrs. S. J. Grocott, 16 Farm Road, Pontlottyn, Bargoed: **From The Look Of Things—*Criminals* Have "Investigation Department."** M. H. Holmes, Post Office, Bingley: **Silenced The Boarder's—"Topping Morning—" Topping Egg!** E. M. Partner, Hoggetts Farm, Eastthorpe, nr. Kelvedon: **Dad's Dream—Farm—Sounds Like Piggery!** C. E. Scott, 4 Flintham Drive, Nottingham: **Home To Be Proud Of—Moth's, In Grandpa's Busby!**

Holidays arranged by Cook's. Cheques, 50 £1 Prizes and 1,500 other Awards have been posted.

HOLIDAY TOURS with CROSSWORD CASH!

See Devon and Cornwall on an 850-mile luxury Coach Tour for Two. That fine Holiday prize goes with each cheque for £25 or over in this week's £100 Cash Crossword —awards value £25 amongst Runners-up.

XWORD 527 RESULT

WINNING WORDS.
ACROSS: 1, Flocks. 4, Pan. 5, Port. 8, Pun. 12, Butter. 13, Hobby. 14, Peer.
DOWN: 1, Farms. 2, Coin. 3, Sport. 6, Ganger. 7, Aches. 9, Bobby. 10, Let. 11, Cash.

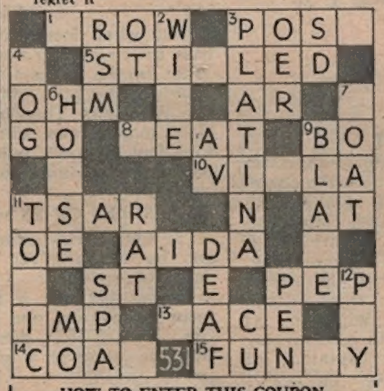
SIX £100 SHARERS: Miss T. G. Cox, Gwencargy, Royal Esplanade, Margate; Miss D. M. Johnson, "Uplands," Norfolk Road, Uxbridge; Mrs. M. G. Pinfield, 35 Mancroft Road, Tettenhall; Miss A. G. Robinson, Bell Lane, Minchinhampton; E. G. Urwin, 106 Broadway, Peterborough; E. M. Whitelegg, 17 Northampton Road, Croydon.

Winners receive Hampers in addition. Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 34 entrants.

Xword 531

Across Clues
1. May be found the reverse of stern
3. Experienced artist's model is usually able to hold one for considerable time
5. We must not allow the people's voice to be smothered nor this
8. We should think ourselves lucky to get this in canteen or cafe
10. The playing of, is naturally affected by score
13. On ceremonial occasions this should be suitable one
14. Expert assistance may be needed if seam of this gives way
15. It's sometimes easy to be this without wanting to be

Down Clues
2. Sometimes goes through a man's pocket without his knowing it
4. In conditions favouring growth, can be very valuable to farmer
6. May come cropper if it doesn't get over hurdles before it
7. You expect bilge from
9. Estate gardener may resort to this to get rid of dead wood
11. Cheerful news can be a good one
12. Some do this for racing information and regret it



HOW TO ENTER THIS COUPON

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Not more than one prize per Contest to any one entrant. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated June 7 for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, TUES., MAY 27
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Signed.....
Address.....
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"BULLETS" 1,579 (or XWORD 531), "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin and Gazette* dated June 7 offering Cash and HOLIDAY PRIZES

392
NAME .....
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EXAMPLE
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BULLET

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I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....
No. .....

Signed .....
Address .....
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WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Landlord's Liability

"MY PROBLEM is a chimney that smokes continually. I have had it swept twice in two years, but some of the inside fell down and it took two men to clear it up. If I have it repaired and a cowl fixed could I send the bill to the landlord?"

▸▸ It would be inadvisable to have the chimney repaired without the landlord's consent unless you do it at your own expense. You should press the sanitary inspector to take action in the matter.

Death of Beneficiary

"A MOTHER LEFT HER MONEY to be divided equally among her four sons and two daughters, but after the will was made one of the sons was killed by enemy action. Can the widow claim his share for his children?"

▸▸ As the son left children, his share under the will does not lapse and may be claimed by his widow—unless he left a will to the contrary.

Tax on Compensation

"HAVING MET WITH an accident at work, I am due to receive compensation. What I wish to know is whether I am liable to pay income tax on the money when the settlement is made?"

▸▸ If you receive a lump sum award it will be liable to income tax.

Paying Guests

"MY WIFE AND I live in a self-contained flat and have our own furniture. Can we take in paying guests during the holiday season? Or must we first obtain the landlord's permission?"

▸▸ Unless you have an agreement with the landlord to the contrary, there is nothing to prevent your having paying guests as suggested.

Denied Benefit

"I AM AN EX-SERVICEMAN, married, and aged twenty-seven. For the past nine years I have paid National Unemployment Benefit contributions. A few weeks ago I left my post to bring my wife back to her native place (on the doctor's suggestion) and I am now unemployed. All my applications for benefit are queried. My requests for clerical jobs have been refused, and I have no income. Have the officials the right to refuse unemployment benefit? What do you advise me to do?"

▸▸ As you left your work voluntarily your claim for unemployment benefit can be disallowed for six weeks by the Insurance Officer. You can, however, appeal to the local Court of Referees, and in order to succeed with your appeal you must show that you had good cause to leave your former employment. It will be necessary to produce a medical certificate to support your statement regarding your wife's health.

Wife's Business

"TWELVE MONTHS AGO my friend went into his wife's business which she opened in 1943 in her own name. How does he stand with regard to income tax? Has he to fill up the form or can he leave it to his wife to do?"

▸▸ Even though the business is owned by the wife, it is the husband who has to make the annual income tax return of the profits, and he is primarily liable to pay any tax that may be due.

Allowance for Housekeeper

"I AM A BACHELOR over seventy years of age and employ a housekeeper to look after me. Am I entitled to an allowance in respect of her?"

▸▸ As you are not a widower and as there are no children under sixteen in your household you are not entitled to claim income tax allowance for your housekeeper.

Assumed Name

"SEVERAL YEARS AGO I assumed a new name under which I married. Now I am told that my marriage was illegal. Can you please tell me what my position really is?"

▸▸ If you were married in the name by which you were generally known at the time you committed no offence and the marriage is quite legal.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 21

CRICKET. (1) The term comes from a mock obituary notice published by a sporting paper when England lost against Australia at the Oval in 1882. (2) Yorkshire. (3) Smaller balls, bigger stumps, easier lbw. (4) Off-breaks delivered with a leg-break action, or vice-versa; balls pitched high, usually right on the wicket. (5) "Body-line" bowling.

ARITHMETIC. (1) Twelve — 1,000,000,000,000. (2) Two inches square=2 in. x 2 in.=four square inches. (3) Add two noughts and divide by four. (4) Because early man used his ten fingers as counters. (5) When the numerator (the number on top) is greater than the denominator (the number below).

PALESTINE. (1) Haganah; Irgun Zvai Leumi. (2) The Balfour Declaration and the League of Nations Mandate. (3) Jewish Agency; Palestine Arab Higher Committee. (4) Founder of modern political Zionism. (5) 100,000.

RULES OF PROCEDURE. (1) At the next meeting, by the chairman. (2) Motions such as the closure or "next business" on which no speeches are allowed. (3) "Unanimously" means that all present voted for the motion; "nem. con." that, though all votes cast were in favour, some members abstained from voting. (4) "That this motion be laid on the table." (5) The amendment to the amendment.

THE MOON. (1) By measuring its shadows. (2) With its horns away from the sun. (3) Spring tides are produced by the sun and the moon pulling together; neap tides by counter action. (4) Because it revolves round the earth like a circus horse round a ringmaster and its far side can never be seen. (5) From the Latin *luna*, moon; it was formerly supposed that this type of insanity was influenced by the changes of the moon.

Take it from me

Phillips

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SHOPPING THROUGH THE AGES

One Shopping Day a Year!

The great yearly fairs of the Middle Ages were originally organised by the Monasteries. Since travel was then so difficult, such occasions were often the sole opportunity for shopping. It was not unusual for a year's purchases to be made on the same day, but travelling to and from the fair could last days, or weeks, even. No longer an occasional event, shopping is now much more pleasant and convenient. In fact, to those familiar with the inviting and friendly atmosphere of W. H. Smith & Son's bookshops, it can be as leisurely as one likes to make it. And today, this is well worth considering.

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undercover stuff!

Just now and again we hear of a chap (the town is infested with our spies) who's tried Coro-Shave and can't get on with it.

Being anxious at all times to help mankind towards the light, may we point out two possible reasons for this. ONE: the transition from an old habit to a new one is always a bit strange at first (like pubs, girl-friends and golf-grips). And, TWO: *don't* use a blunt blade. We don't carry a torch for any make of blade, but please spring a new one to start with.

Fair do's! That's all we ask, on behalf of Coro-Shave—and your face, which can't speak for itself.

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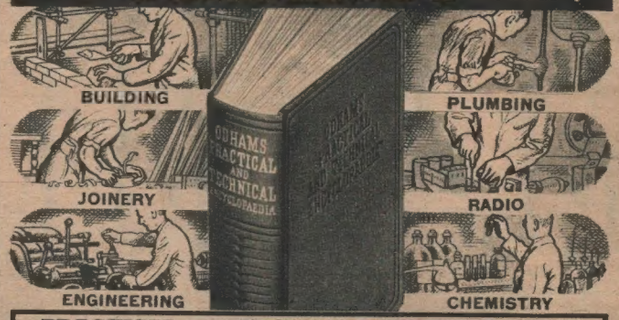

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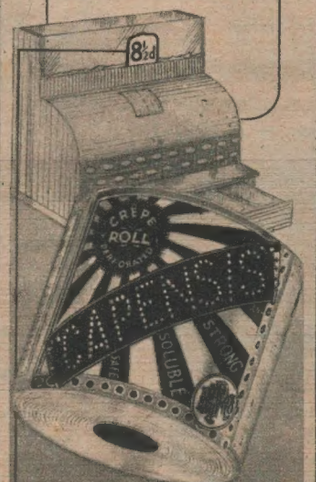

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In bottles - - 2/3, 3/11

LIXEN LOZENGES

For the children. Fruit Flavoured, in bottles 1/11½. From Chemists only.

It's an Allenburys Product

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

L57B

YOUR SKIN *quickly* HEALED

LION Ointment gets right to the seat of the trouble—brings out the inflammation—and forms a clean healthy new skin.

Soothes the pain whilst it heals in the natural way. The proved family remedy for **BOILS, CARBUNCLES, SEPTIC WOUNDS, ABSCESSES, IMPETIGO, CUTS, BURNS.**

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT

FAMOUS FOR 100 YEARS From all Chemists 1/3

AVOID PAIN AFTER MEALS

Eat what you like, enjoy what you eat—and keep free from Indigestion pains, fullness, wind or heartburn afterwards simply by taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Indigestion pains usually come from excess acidity and 'Bisurated' Magnesia corrects that acidity within a few minutes of taking it. Try it after your *next* meal.

—**take**

'BISURATED' Magnesia

FOR INDIGESTION

Tablets or plain or mint-flavoured powder 1/5 & 2/10 *inc. tax*

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MARMITE

It's the
making of delicious
SOUPS · STEWS
GRAVY · PIES
all meat and vegetable dishes

In Jars: 1 oz. **8d.** 2 oz. **1/1,** 4 oz. **2/-,** 8 oz. **3/3,** 16 oz. **5/9,**
from all Grocers and Chemists.

GOOD NIGHT!

GOOD MORNING!

All the strain and bustle of the day seems lifted from your shoulders as you relax with your goodnight cup of hot, comforting Bourn-vita. Soon the tide of sleep laps gently over you—the deep restoring sleep your body longs for. The sleep you come to know as 'Bourn-vita sleep.' The sleep that fills you with the energy you need for the day ahead.

CADBURYS

BOURN-VITA

As supplied to leading hospitals